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ONE-HUNDRED-NINETEENTH YEAR

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By Way of Introduction

HAMILTON BUTLER (*Standing by England*), after graduating from Columbia, joined the consular service as a student interpreter in China and served as vice-consul-general and interpreter at Shanghai, Tientsin and Canton. As interpreter and aide to the Commercial Commission from the Pacific Coast and Honolulu, which visited China in 1910, he traveled all over the country. Since his return to the United States in 1913 he has been writing editorials for newspapers in New York, Western Canada, St. Paul and Detroit. He has written before for the REVIEW.

CONRAD AIKEN (*Life Isn't a Short Story*) is well known as the author of many volumes of poetry. He has also written fiction and criticism and has edited anthologies. His home is in Sussex, England.

CHARLES MORROW WILSON (*Anatomy of a College Town*), a native Arkansan, has devoted most of his writing to farm life generally, and particularly to his native Ozarks. He is the author of a novel of the Arkansas backwoods, *Acres of Sky*, published in 1930, and of *Meriwether Lewis, of Lewis and Clark*, which appeared this spring. He has contributed to leading magazines and has written extensively for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the New York *Times*.

CHARLES MAGEE ADAMS (*Credit Ratings with the Lord*) is on the editorial staff of *Radio Dial* in Cincinnati. During the past ten years he has done a great deal of writing on the subject of radio for magazines in that field and for newspapers.

G. E. W. JOHNSON (*Switzerland Is Next*) was educated in various schools in England, the United States, Cuba and Brazil, and is a graduate of Harvard.

NORMAN LOMBARD (*A Supreme Court of Money*), an economic consultant in New York, was formerly executive vice-president of the Stable Money Association. Other articles by him have appeared in this magazine.

WILLIAM C. WHITE (*Master of the Double-Cross*) was a student at the University of Moscow from 1927 to 1930 and has spent many months in Germany. His book, *These Russians*, was published in 1931 and he collaborated with Walter W. Waters on *B. E. F.*, a book about the Bonus Army.

J. M. NOLTE (*The People versus Individualism*) has devoted most of his career to teaching and writing. His article, *A Dollarless Audit*, appeared in our April issue.

P. W. WILSON (*Austria's Utopia*), a frequent contributor to the REVIEW, is a former member of the British House of Commons. He served on the editorial staff of the London *Daily News* for twenty-one years and has been a special correspondent for the New York *Times*. He is a former president of the Association of Foreign Correspondents in New York. He has written several biographies and other books.

RICHARD LEE STROUT (*Sand-Shakers in the People's Forum*) is on the staff of the *Christian Science Monitor*. His most recent article in this magazine was *The New Deal and the Supreme Court*, in the December, 1933, issue.

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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

To the Right

The most interesting development of the month has been a noticeable drift of sentiment toward the Right. The tendency, latent for some time, was brought to a head by the bewildered figure of Dr. Wirt. In spite of the fact that a comic opera investigation of the Doctor's reminiscences of a certain history-making dinner party (history is, after all, made in just such funny ways) was promptly conducted by the American Ogpu, and the Doctor's assertions exploded by no less a personage than Representative Bulwinkle, nevertheless the mark of Wirt was made and the Administration will be branded with it forever. Washington is filled with jokes about Wirt, but the joking is half-hearted, the laughter jittery. When mud is thrown, some always sticks. The Administration has grown self-conscious about its radical tendencies and is apparently eager to prove that it is conservative at heart.

This sentiment has been greatly strengthened by the response with which the President's courageous and intelligent opposition to the silver drive has been met. The claims of the silver producers and their lobby are too absurd to need refuting, but it is, nevertheless, comforting to find that the country seems to be waking up to some of the dangers with which it is faced.

The only conceivable result of the monetization of silver would be to increase the quantity of money, which is certainly not needed at the present time. Net balances in the banks, as well as currency in circulation, are many times greater than they were in either 1926 (the "normal" year), or 1929 (the "boom" year). The quantity of money is sufficient to support a far higher level of commodity prices and greatly increased business activity. What is needed is confidence in the quality of our money. This can only come when Congress stops threatening to alter its quality. An early end of this session would help.

Bond Market

In accord with the conservative tendencies of Washington sentiment is the continued strength in high grade bonds, many of which have now passed their 1931 highs. This is not unnatural in view of the fact that the supply of funds available for investment is greater than it was in 1931, and interest rates are lower. Finally, of course, insurance companies are not being forced to liquidate their investments in order to make policy loans and very few banks are suffering from heavy withdrawals. If it were not for the position of the Federal Government, it would be safe to assume that long term, non-callable bonds would rise to considerably higher levels. As it is, I expect to see the return on highest grade rails and utilities sink to the same level as governments. The latter will probably remain low for some time, at least, because of the many artificial devices which can be called into play in order to support the government market. So long as the Federal Government continues to need funds beyond what are supplied by the normal process of taxation, we may expect to see the government bond market supported whenever there seems to be danger of a break. It may be concluded, then, that the strong tendencies of the corporate bond market will continue for some time to come.

I find it impossible to be as enthusiastic over the prospects of municipal bonds as over those of the other classifications—even though increased income taxes add to the attractiveness of the tax-exempt feature. Against this one factor there are many adverse elements to be dealt with.

State and municipal debt has more than quadrupled in the last twenty years. In approximately the same period, the value of taxable real property and improvements in the United States has increased only eighty per cent, and per capita estimated wealth has increased less than nine per cent. In the ten years prior to 1932, per capita wealth increased fifty-two per

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cent. In the same decade, State and municipal debt rose ninety-five per cent.

The end of State and municipal borrowing is not yet in sight. If the Federal Government decides to throw back more of the burden of unemployment relief on cities and States, the political pressure to increase local debts will be enormous and might take the form of duress, as in Minneapolis recently.

States and cities, unlike the Federal Government, can not meet their obligations by issuing legal tender currency acceptable to bank depositors.

There is an increasing political revolt against tax-exempt securities. It is not inconceivable that pressure might force retroactive removal of tax-exemption, or some legally satisfactory equivalent measure. Without the support of the "rich man's market," municipals would lose most of their market standing.

If local interest charges become too burdensome, the fact that interest goes largely to the "tax-evading rich" might bring a species of tax revolt difficult to deal with and foreshadowing enforced refunding operations through pseudo-legal channels.

Construction

There is no really strong pick-up in construction in sight, and it therefore seems safe to forecast that there will be no very spectacular boom in industrial activity before the fall. The F. W. Dodge reports show that government building is being sustained at a high level, but the really important category of residential construction is extremely spotty. Certain parts of the country, particularly the Chicago district, are enjoying some pick-up, but in the country as a whole there has been very little advance. The reason for this is mainly, of course, the fact that construction costs, which were never properly deflated, advanced too quickly. Many people would like to build today, but they are discouraged by the disproportionate cost of building.

Another contributing fact—often mentioned here before—is the difficulty of securing mortgage money. It looks as though it will be some time yet before the building and loan situation is really thawed out. The situation has been greatly helped by the activities of the Home Loan Banks, but the improvement is offset by the threat of inflation.

Railroads

An important event of the past month was the settlement of the railroad wage dispute, restoring to labor all of the ten per cent cut in about a year. The principal significance of this, it seems to me, was the comparative ease with which an agreement was reached. This compares favorably with the situation which has existed for some time in the automobile industry.

Although the railroads are bearing many shackles, it looks as though their prospects, on the whole, were brighter than they have been for some time. I hazard the opinion that truck competition is about as severe as it ever will be. It is not unlikely that over the next few years the taxation of trucks will increase rather rapidly. It is also possible that the railroads will regain some of their lost passenger trade through the development of light, fast trains, such as the one which has just been placed in operation on the Burlington. There are still some capital structures which need revamping, but, on the whole, those which have managed to weather the depression so far, should have few future difficulties.

Utilities

The most significant fact regarding the utilities is the way in which utility securities have stood up in the face of adverse publicity. This, it seems to me, confirms the fact that almost all of the bad news is out. There are a great many utility security holders (over thirty per cent of the stock of the American Telephone Company is held by housewives) and they are becoming aroused by the threat of legislatures to tax them out of business.

It should also be borne in mind—before selling utility securities at these levels—that the industry continued to expand throughout the depression, in spite of the fact that families were constantly "doubling up" during that period, in order to economize. Although many houses are in existence which are not wired for electricity, virtually every new house built is so equipped. The sale of electric refrigerators and other household appliances is constantly increasing.

Even if taxes and operating costs continue to rise, and rates are reduced, these may all be offset by increasing gross revenues.

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Far East

The situation in the Far East is bad, and growing worse. Japan has chosen to defy the Western world, not because it seeks the ill-will of Europe and the United States, but because it wishes to "impress" China.

"Prestige" is the key to the Eastern mind, and it is just that which the Japanese are trying to develop. If they can acquire a sufficient amount of prestige, in Chinese eyes, they will be able to control the Chinese Empire, and its trade, without the risk and waste of war. The danger lies in the conflict of interests which is developing between Japan and the Soviet Union.

A powerful Japanese Empire right at her back would be too great a threat to Russia. There have already been conflicts and disagreements in Manchukuo. The Japanese are apparently in a bellicose frame of mind. They are suggesting that they desire naval equality with the United States. A close eye should be kept on Japan for some time to come, for it is probably the most volcanic spot in the world today.

Silver Lining

Although there are still many clouds on the economic horizon, there are at least some bright spots—glints of a silver lining, as it were.

The most encouraging sign of all is, of course, the recovery of the bond market. Credit is the first requisite of business activity and it is the healthiest possible sign to find a recovery of credit, all around.

Next in importance, perhaps, is the financial condition of the American people, as shown by the figures of the Federal Reserve member banks. Net balances (or working capital) are greater than they have ever been before, and are still increasing. We could have the most colossal boom in the history of the world without increasing the credit base.

The automobile industry is one of the most important, and was responsible, to a large extent, for the prosperity of the 'Twenties. In April the adjusted index of automobile production reached a peak of 79.3, the highest point reached since 1930. In the corresponding weeks of 1932 and 1933, the index stood at 30 and 55.1 respectively.

The meat packing industry, which languished for many years, is enjoying marked prosperity, a fact which may be attributed in part to the deflation and reorganization of the industry, in part to increasing general prosperity, and in part to the repeal of Prohibition. The consumption of alcohol and meat go hand in hand.

The paper industry, like the meat industry, is enjoying more prosperity than it has in some time. The production of paper has run behind consumption for many years. During March both production and shipments increased more than seasonally, and stocks dropped sharply. Perhaps you have noticed that one magazine or another is resuming its customary bulk. For a while it was but a shadow of its former self, but advertising has picked up sharply, of late, and the demand for paper has consequently increased.

Words

The most significant words of the month were those of Henry Ford, who said to a *Wall Street Journal* reporter:

"Neither higher wages nor increased material costs can force us to raise prices. I have found that higher wages do not mean increased costs, and if our material prices go too high we will start making our own. We are making a

(*Continued on page VII*)

SUPPRESSED KNOWLEDGE OF THE AGES

What strange powers did the ancients possess? Where was the source of knowledge that made it possible for them to perform miracles? Were these profound secrets burned with ancient libraries, or are they buried beneath crumbling Temple walls?

These wise men of the past knew the mysteries of life, and personal power. This wisdom is not lost,—it is withheld from the mass. It is offered freely TO YOU if with an open mind, you wish to step out of the rut of monotonous existence and MASTER YOUR LIFE.

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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

Protoplasm

HAVING been a student of biology for the last twenty years I certainly can not permit T. Swann Harding's statement in the May, 1934, issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to remain unchallenged. In that number he states, "We do not find protoplasm as such in nature. Actually this complex material does not exist except in the imagination of the biologist," etc.

This statement is erroneous. Biologists and medical research investigators constantly examine living cells and living organisms under the miscroscope and observe the activity of this very tangible substance called protoplasm. Every college freshman and many high school pupils of our country have observed the protoplasm in one-celled organisms such as the ameba and paramecium. Many have seen the current of chlorophyll bodies in the streaming protoplasm of the water plant, Elodea. Some have seen the primitive slime mold under the microscope or the growth of star-fish egg-cells or the multicellular tissue cultures of fibroblasts. Dr. Alexis Carrel was probably the first to make moving pictures of growing tissue cultures. Dr. Florence Sabine has been in the vanguard in the investigation of the living tissue cultures. It is one of the fundamental processes in the investigation of the cause of cancer.

We may not know all of the properties of the substance called protoplasm. We may never know all of them but we do know that it exists. We see it just as surely as the astronomer sees the stars. We can touch it as surely as the chemist touches water or acid. We can make it do certain things which we wish it to do just as surely as the physicist can make electricity do certain things for him. We know that protoplasm is a grayish, almost colorless, colloidal substance composed of definite chemical elements not all of which are as yet known. In protoplasm are suspended minute globules or vacuoles and granules. Protoplasm has the properties of irritability, elasticity, motility and reproduction. All of these properties can be easily observed under the miscroscope by any layman.

Why make the gap between the thought of the scientist and that of the layman greater than it needs must be?

DOROTHY WOLFF, PH.D.

Ibid.

To the Editor:

I have been deeply interested in the letter Dr. Dorothy Wolff was so kind as to write, but she misses my point entirely. She speaks from a purely materialistic standpoint and in my article I was being philosophical, if not metaphysical! In her letter, indeed, she fully admits the truth of my statement, i.e. that biologists examine something they call "protoplasm" but which has never been completely analyzed into all its elements; indeed it never can become completely known because the mysterious property of "life" forms part and parcel of protoplasm and immediately you begin a laboratory analysis you have to deal with dead and inert matter.

We may presume, for instance, that this property of being alive is predicated upon different atomic or molecular speeds—but we can never know. I was myself for twenty years an organic research chemist; for eight of these I dealt with biological materials. I shall have to refer Dr. Wolff to Joseph Henry Woodger's very excellent *Biological Principles*, a thoughtful and a stimulating work, indeed as he says A Critical Study—of the finest constructive sort. This will answer her question fully and give her a great deal to think about besides.

Naturally I did not mean that students imagined they saw something when they dealt with "protoplasm." I could not be that naïve after so many years in the laboratory. I mean that the word-symbol protoplasm as yet stood for a rather amorphous and incompletely de-

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fined entity. The true secret of protoplasm lies in its organization. That is paramount. My contention was that the biologist deals habitually with abstractions of a high order, not with concrete realities, and he should become aware of this, as obviously Dr. Wolff remains unaware. Biologists continually speak and write as if organization had to be assumed, postulated, recognized or ascribed, whereas it is the very backbone of everything in their science.

It is generally assumed that we must *ascribe to* the living cell a structure beyond and above molecular structure, something to impart to it the mysterious quality of life. Yet that organization *is* the living cell. What biologists so glibly call "protoplasm" does not exist; what is paramount here is its organization—its chemical structure is secondary; biologists continually take over chemical and physical ideas at second-hand instead of striking out boldly in the study of living matter as living matter. Not only does protoplasm have a very complex organization differing from organism to organism—but so has a cell nucleus. Protoplasm is not to be found in nature. It exists in the mind of the biologist.

Dr. Wolff merely happens never to have thought about the metaphysical and philosophical implications of her laboratory work; this is quite customary with scientists; it is for that reason that they are so surprised when some one states obvious facts about their assumptions.

T. SWANN HARDING.

It Pays to Advertise

Dear sir:

I have the honour most respectfully beg to indicate you that, I am once walking along some gentleman's building and I found a certain paper lying outside of the building. I pick it up and read it, in it found "When writing to advertisers kindly mention the North American Review," therefore I see that this Review is good to be have; and as no espercial address and price enclosed, I am writing to "Cunard Steamship Company" as the paper shows me, to remit me one of your famous Review

discount for cash

With much regard,
I am your
Obedient boy
L. H. NARKETEY
Anglo-Guinea
Mangoase

The Financial Outlook

(*Continued from page V*)

part of everything we use, and from this nucleus can readily expand to take care of any or all of our requirements if necessary.

"When prices go up, business goes down. I know that the emphasis is mostly the other way. . . . High prices and trade are natural antagonists. . . .

"Prices should be coming down. During this slack period we should have learned more efficient methods and we should have acquired so much more skill as to give the world what it needs in greater quantity at lower prices. I am afraid the financiers and politicians don't quite know this country."

"Thus," comments the *Annalist*, "the stage is all set for what may prove to be a last-stand conflict between the New Deal theories and practices and those of what appears to be the last important remnant of large-scale, individualistic, highly competitive industry in this country. It is essentially a struggle between the traditional American competitive system and the cartel system which has been newly imported from Europe under the guise of a method of increasing public purchasing power."

Stocks

Since the beginning of the year we have enjoyed a bull market in bonds. Of late the strength has spilled over into preferred stocks. It is quite logical to expect that the normal sequence will be followed and that there will soon be a strong market in common stocks. Perhaps it will begin as a sort of national sigh of relief when Congress adjourns. I believe, however, that the market will be extremely selective, and will, perhaps, be led by a rather extraordinary group of stocks. There is no reason to assume that the near future of such important industries as steel and construction is particularly bright. On the other hand the outlook for the meat industry, the paint industry, the paper industry, the metal container industry, the railroad equipment industry, etc., is favorable. It will probably be one of those markets in which activity rotates from one group to another, and it may be that the old market leaders will be reached last. But, disregarding the exact form which the move will take, it appears that one of the best chances to buy stocks seen in many months is now at hand.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By VIRGINIA BARNEY

FICTION

The Wind Blows West. By *Christine Whiting Parmenter.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.00.

The journey of a prairie schooner from a New England farm to the West, life in a mining camp and the gold rush to Colorado in the 'Fifties are made vivid in this story.

Mojave. A Book of Stories. By *Edwin Corle.* New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. $2.00.

These stories, all of which are set in the Mojave Desert, are rich in entertaining narrative and skilful characterization.

This Best Possible World. By *Frederick L. Hackenburg.* New York: Robert O. Ballou. $2.00.

Four New York State Assemblymen and other characters make up this novel of political life in the New York Democratic machine.

BIOGRAPHY

Cecil Rhodes. By *Herbert Baker.* New York: Oxford University Press. $4.25.

An interesting interpretation of Cecil Rhodes written by his architect, who knew him well and understood his activities and artistic ideals.

POETRY

Three Rivers. By *Sarah Larkin.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

The spirit of the forest and the great unexplored expanses of New France is present in this stirring epic poem of a romantic period in Canadian history.

Windward Rock. Poems. By *Kenneth Leslie.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

These poems are marked by individuality of thought and beauty of words.

FINANCE

Common Sense on Common Stocks. By *I. Edwin Tanenbaum* and *Linhart Stearns.* New York: Covici, Friede. $2.50.

This volume gives in simple terms information and authoritative advice to the investor, and analyzes some of the problems of various industries.

TRAVEL

Bahamas: Isles of June. By *Major H. MacLachlan Bell.* New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.75.

The charm of the sunny Bahamas is captured in this description and story of the islands' history.

VARIED OTHERS

You Must Relax. By *Edmund Jacobson, M.D.* New York: Whittlesey House. $1.50.

This little book sets down in terms understandable to the layman helpful methods of meeting the strains of present-day living.

A Treatise on White Magic or The Way of a Disciple. By *Alice A. Bailey.* New York: Lucis Publishing Company. $3.50.

In this study of the nature of the soul of man the author defines the White Magician as one who is in touch with his soul and is aware of the purpose of his soul for himself and of his part in the Divine Plan.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

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Apéritif

Modest Proposal

THE sob sisters are already at work on Mr. Insull. The details of his return to this country were plastered on front pages with all the customary attention to emotional weaknesses of the American people. Two minor results immediately were seen in the press. Mr. Insull made the complaint that no one had uttered a word in his defense, so far as he had been able to learn, so one gentleman wrote a letter to the *Times* describing his high-mindedness and generosity, and a man was knocked down by Chicago police for thrusting his hand through the back of the car carrying the utilities magnate to jail. The police were afraid that he might be a ruined investor, but it afterwards appeared that he was merely trying to shake Mr. Insull's hand and wish him well. Evidently, therefore, it is possible, despite everything that has happened in the last eighteen months, that we may see the usual reversal of public feeling, which results in justice overtempered with mercy.

But this is a little aside from the immediate subject. Mr. Insull was the deciding factor this spring in a rather unusual wager between a law student and the advertising man who shares his apartment. These two had set up a pool, contributing some small sum each week, which was to be paid out when either Dillinger or Insull was finally jailed. The law student had chosen Dillinger as the most likely one to be caught first and the advertising man leaned toward Insull—which choices, according to their professions, should prove something or other. At any rate, Mr. Insull landed in the Chicago jail and at the time Dillinger was still at large. Thus the advertising man won the pool.

It happened that about the time we learned of the pool Arthur Krock wrote an article in the *Times* commenting upon the present Administration's liberality toward certain garden varieties of gambling, such as lotteries and betting on the races, whatever its thoughts about stock market plunging. It also happened that, as New Yorkers, we were aware that betting on the ponies had been re-legalized in the State, and that there was considerable talk of a municipal lottery to relieve the city's financial stress. All this knowledge fermented in our little mind and eventually produced an idea concerning the

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crime problem which may or may not be of inestimable benefit.

The gist of the idea is that, if we are going to have legal lotteries, it might well be possible to adapt to them a modification of the wager made by the law student and his roommate, and thereby help materially in bringing criminals to justice. Instead of selling lottery tickets with mere numbers upon them, the authorities could combine numbers with the names of unapprehended outlaws in some system which would give ticket-holders an incentive to see that the criminals actually were caught. Perhaps the tickets could be divided into blocks, each of which contained the name of some outstanding public enemy as well as a series of numbers for individual tickets. The first capture of one of these public enemies would confer a premium on the winning ticket-holders of the block bearing his name, and returns would diminish down the list of captures. Before the drawing for winners in each block took place it would be necessary to capture the criminal; thus all ticket-holders in each category would have a desire to help before knowing whether there was any material reward in it or not.

It is a popular complaint of public officials that they receive little or no coöperation from citizens-at-large in law enforcement. It is an equally popular platitude that citizens-at-large are most easily affected in the pocketbook nerve. Consequently, there would seem to be no need for further argument in support of this scheme. Maybe it would not solve the crime problem entirely. As a matter of fact we are more than reasonable in our claims for its effectiveness. What if all the criminals listed were not caught as a result? The municipality would have that much less money to pay out to ticket-holders. Its credit would improve, its bonds rise in value, and it could that much better afford police protection against the uncaught marauders.

Our own private satisfaction in seeing the scheme adopted, however, would be in a less public-spirited sphere. As consistent movie-goers, we know that racketeers are all confirmed gamblers, so how could they resist municipal lotteries? And if they bought such lottery tickets every now and then two partners in crime would hold tickets with each other's names on them. Then honor among thieves would have the test that it really deserves.

Defense Mechanism

His expression was one of embittered bewilderment. He talked with the air of a man who is certain that there are no answers to his questions. But he talked a great deal, none the less. And the more he talked the more familiar he seemed.

"Look," he said to the imperturbable man sitting with him, "you can't deny it. For every purpose there is a cross purpose. Take this doctor out in California, Cornish his name is. He kills dogs and then revives them. He has one now that's been alive three weeks since he killed it and revived it. His idea is to find a way to beat out electrocution, asphyxiation and drowning. If he's right, all these electric chairs and lethal chambers will have to go by the board; taxpayers will have all that money of theirs wasted. You'd think there weren't enough other ways to waste taxpayers' money without some California doctor trying to beat out electrocution, asphyxiation and drowning. To say nothing of the cats. How is a householder supposed

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to have any intelligent control over the cat population, if doctors go around making drowning harmless? Answer me that."

The imperturbable man merely stared into space, and the other continued.

"But the real cross purpose belongs to Smerildo Gonnella. He doesn't try to cheat death, not Smerildo. Twelve years ago he made up his mind that he had only a few days to live, so he gave away all his property, lay down on a practically bare cot in a cottage and waited for the end. He refused to have doctors or medicines or anything except a little food now and then. According to last reports he's still waiting for the end, but he isn't discouraged, not even after twelve years. 'Any day now,' he says. And whatever else you think you've got to admire a man who sticks to his opinions like that. It seems funny, though, that Smerildo and Cornish are working at diametrically opposed purposes like these and Cornish has so much more luck than Smerildo. I'm afraid you'll have to beat her to a pulp for that."

This last sentence brought it all back. Three years before he had appeared out of a spring drizzle and expressed a comprehensive bitterness in much the same manner, except that after summing up the worst paradoxes he remarked with a certain satisfaction: "But I beat her to a pulp." He did it himself then.

The imperturbable man wrote with a pencil in a notebook, and his companion went on.

"A long time ago, when I was an optimist, I tried to start an association for the protection of innocent bystanders. In those days practically all that ever happened to an innocent bystander was to get hit by a frying pan that some irritated wife threw at her husband, or if the bystander tried to intervene in some such tiff, to be tossed out a window by the pair of them. Still, a lot of things like that did seem to happen and I thought something could be done about it. I wanted to make America bystander-conscious. The idea was to get everybody to realize that the only thing for a bystander to do is duck and run: every time something started to happen, a man or woman in the vicinity was supposed to ask himself or herself, 'Am I a bystander?' and if the answer was yes, make all haste for cover. If the answer was no, it would be all right to stay and see what went on, of course.

"I got quite a few people interested in the idea and decided to hold a meeting for demonstration purposes. More people came than I expected and the old hall I hired was pretty crowded. The audience was in a good humor, taking the whole business somewhat as a joke—a little too much as a joke for my satisfaction right then. I had some ham actors to do the husband and wife tiff and the bystander getting slugged for his peacemaking. The crowd enjoyed it thoroughly and were guffawing and stamping their feet for more. Evidently some one stamped somebody else's foot by mistake. A fight started down near the platform and everybody crowded around to see, pushing and jostling. Then the floor caved in. There were about fourteen broken legs and a lot of assorted other injuries. I had to leave town. That was the first time I got the idea of beating her to a pulp. Nowadays I see that innocent bystanders get shot by gunmen and police, but I suppose it's the merciful thing in the long run: they'll just be mangled in one way or another anyhow."

The imperturbable man pulled a

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newspaper out of his pocket and began to read. There was some blaring headline in it about the NRA. The other man saw it and began to breathe faster; his grayish face grew a little red and he clenched his fists.

"I wish that General Johnson was a bystander!" he exploded. "There isn't enough guff and nonsense in the world already without setting up a lot of codes to make business men honest, I suppose. I know what the real idea was, though. The real idea was to softsoap consumers into thinking business men would be afraid to be dishonest under the codes. I must have had a relapse into optimism myself. Do you know what I did? I bought a used car. Think of that! For twenty years I was a cynic and now I go out and buy a used car.

"There was a sign on the window of the place saying these used cars had a thousand-mile guarantee going with them, and moreover, that you could have five days' free trial. It was written there in black and white. So I bought one. They told me that the guarantee had to be signed by the credit manager and would be mailed in a few days. I argued some about this, but I didn't think they'd really try anything as palpable as holding it out on me, with the sign right there in the window. Anyhow if I didn't like the car I was supposed to be able to bring it back within five days and choose another.

"I don't have to go into all that turned out to be wrong with the thing. I couldn't if I had to; not even an expert mechanic could find all its faults. Anyhow, after a few days I took it back and named everything I could think of that was wrong with it. They were sorry but I had got it at such a cheap price that they couldn't afford to do any work on it. The guarantee? Oh, that applied only to cars that cost twice as much. So, there was nothing to do but turn it in on another used car. That was what I thought and said to the manager, but he had other plans. The five-day free trial wasn't what I thought it was: I could turn my car in all right and get credit, but only on a new car, which cost about a thousand dollars more than I had. That was why you beat her to a pinguid pulp last Thursday."

The imperturbable man went on reading his newspaper, and the other fell into a moody silence. But he was not through yet. In a few moments he began again.

"A friend of mine almost got a job last year watching a man in the suburbs who thought he was a clipping bureau. He used seven different kinds of soap every time he took a bath, too. Otherwise he seemed to be harmless. I've never heard of a Congressman who thought he was a clipping bureau or used seven different kinds of soap to take a bath, but there's one anyhow who apparently isn't harmless. A man named Shoemaker from Minnesota, from the stories in newspapers, seems to spend a good part of his time assaulting taxi drivers or getting into auto accidents. Yesterday, as a sample, he was accused of being a hit-and-run driver in Minneapolis and also was supposed to appear in a Washington court to answer an assault charge brought forward by a taxi driver. He was in Minneapolis conducting a campaign for the Senatorial nomination. Maybe the House brings out his worst impulses, but if Huey Long is any indication the Senate might have an even worse effect on him. You'd better make a note of this—you may have a little work to do later on."

The imperturbable one looked up from his paper and then down at his

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watch. "Almost time to go home," he remarked. "Have you made up your mind about the Anglo-Japanese trade war? Or this new talk about settling the War debts?" The other shook his head. "Well, we'd better go then. They can wait."

"They can *not* wait. Something's got to be done. But I don't know what, worse luck, so you'll just have to beat her to a pulp, poor woman.

"There's this child labor amendment, too. William D. Guthrie is going around telling people that ratification will mean 'enormous expansion of political patronage' and spies reaching into every employment and household. He talks about the 'cruel, cruel hardship' of stopping American boys and girls from working. But the other side claims that the idea is nothing like this at all, that it's just a way to stop exploitation of minors and maybe give a few more jobs to older people. Cross purposes again. For every purpose at least one cross purpose. I don't know how people stand it, I'm sure. Beating her to a pulp is the only thing that's saved me. But these last three years have been so much worse than usual that I couldn't even have done enough of that to keep from cracking without some one to help."

His companion got up and took him by the arm. The poor fellow was babbling about the cross purposes of fascism, communism and Japanese militarism as he walked out of earshot.

W. A. D.

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Standing by England

By Hamilton Butler

Whose opinion it is that too many Americans truckle to English policy, whatever the motivation, and that Anglo-American friendship is thereby endangered

The reckless, almost hysterical fervor with which American cooperation with Great Britain in world affairs is being preached in both countries today arouses in sincere and thoughtful friends of Anglo-American amity a feeling of profound apprehension. Coöperation is confused with subordination. Would-be architects of our national destiny are erecting on the shifting sands of sentiment a structure of hopes that can endure only if it is founded on the solid rock of mutual respect and reciprocal collaboration. The higher they build upon this wishful thinking the deeper and more bitter is likely to be the disappointment, among Americans and Britons alike, when the edifice crumbles under the impact of selfish and stubborn realities.

A practical and obvious motive, without counterpart in this country, animates the efforts of British leaders to create the impression that "an exceptional relationship" exists between the United States and Great Britain. The United States came out of the late War the richest and *potentially* the most powerful country in the world: Great Britain came out of it poorer in both purse and prestige. As a means to the recovery of lost ground, Great Britain has added two new canons to its foreign policy. The first of these canons aims to discourage and, if possible, frustrate any reorganization of American affairs, along nationalist lines, which would translate our potential economic and political strength into actual and employable world power. The other seeks, through strained and exaggerated appeals to political origin, consanguinity, community of language and "ideals"—which, together, are supposed to create an identity of interests—to induce the American people blindly to follow British leadership, wherever it may lead them. A single purpose motivates these two closely related endeavors: to enhance the prestige and "voting power" of Great Britain in international councils, while restraining and depreciating the independent influence of the United States.

Continental European observers, whom bitter experience has immunized to British wiles, are not deceived by this drift of policy. A decade or so after the War, André Siegfried, an enlightened Frenchman, wrote that if an Anglo-American union

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were admitted—especially if it were proclaimed—it would mean much more. England would benefit from a valuable increase in prestige, for she would pride herself on being a partner on equal terms with America, the richest power in the world. Also, think of the air of moral superiority that such an *entente* could assume in dealing with tiresome people, who do not know their place!

As long as "Anglo-American solidarity" was merely the Macedonian cry of Great Britain to come over and help it, Americans could afford to humor so innocuous and agreeable an acknowledgment that at last they had arrived, as a nation, where it was worth Great Britain's while to court their friendship. When, however, well organized and strongly financed agencies in this country, assuming to speak for the American people, took up the cry, what had been perfectly harmless before became a definite menace to the interests of this country abroad. The "Amens" with which our own propagandists accepted and proclaimed, as if it were a state of affairs, what was merely their own state of mind, were bound to be misinterpreted in Great Britain, as well as misunderstood in other foreign countries whose friendship and coöperation we should equally cherish.

An example of such misunderstanding was provided by a dispatch from London published by the New York *Times* on April 2, 1933, which related that

> when Mr. MacDonald went on his recent diplomatic travels to France, Switzerland and Italy he was greatly surprised to learn that Continental statesmen all assumed the existence of relations between Britain and the United States of a most cordial and unbreakable character. It is one of his fondest ambitions as Prime Minister to have such a European assumption fully justified by the facts.

At that particular time the State Department was working with London for the specific purpose of disarmament. The effect of giving other interested powers the idea that they were confronted by the sort of Anglo-American alignment Mr. MacDonald had in mind can hardly be said to have been favorable to that purpose: for if France, for example, were to become convinced that in a clash with Great Britain she would also have to fight the United States, what would be more inevitable than that she should insist upon taking that fact into account in determining the point beyond which she could not safely reduce her means of defense?

The embarrassment caused by Mr. MacDonald's prattle and Sir John Simon's fondness for speaking, at Geneva and elsewhere, as if he represented the United States, was responsible for Ambassador Norman H. Davis's declaring on October 16, 1933:

> We are in Geneva solely for disarmament purposes. While there is a possibility of successfully carrying on disarmament negotiations, we will gladly continue to do our part. We are not, however, interested in the political elements or any purely European aspect of the picture. We again make clear that we are in no way politically aligned with any European power.

A pronouncement so much to the point ought not to be lost on those in this country and in Great Britain who are seeking an enduring basis for amity and concord between the two great English-speaking peoples.

At various times during the World War the United States became the target of unjust and vicious attacks in Great Britain simply because the British people had been deliberately kept by their own Government in ignorance of the true state of Anglo-American relations. A correspondent of the New

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York *Tribune* reported one of these outbursts early in 1915:

> Those in touch with official affairs knew for a long time that a certain amount of friction was growing up over the question of the treatment of neutral shipping, but this was carefully kept from the people at large, and, consequently, the American note came as a great shock to the vast majority of the people, who had been deriving such comfort and feeling of security from the belief that America was with them hand and glove. . . . The feeling of resentment is growing rapidly as discussion continues.

The effects of such resentment are deep and divisive: yet a repetition of these incidents must be expected if Great Britain blunders into another war too big for it to handle and its partisans in the United States, who are now so generous with implied pledges of American coöperation, are unable to deliver the goods—a contingency which the still accumulating consequences of our late adventure in Europe tend to make highly probable.

II

Anglo-American leadership in world affairs is a fiction of propaganda. There can be no such thing. One country will lead, while the other will follow. Any wedding of the English-speaking peoples, at this time, which makes the United States and Great Britain *one,* will most likely make that *one* Great Britain. What that implies is worth looking into.

Any one who has read widely and with an open mind in the voluminous literature of Anglo-American "unity" can not have failed to note the paucity of reference in it to the multiplicity of commitments that Great Britain has inherited, all over the world, and to which submission to British hegemony would make the United States indirectly a party. We are asked, as it were, to close our eyes and then give Great Britain a blank cheque upon our wealth and our young manhood.

The air in Europe is full of knives again. At any time, another war may break out on the Continent from which Great Britain would find it inexpedient to abstain: for commercial and financial ties, as well as ancient policy and recent conventions, compel the Government in London to take note of whatever happens in its contentious neighborhood. As a member of the League of Nations, Great Britain is a coguarantor of "the territorial integrity and existing political independence" of all the other far-flung members of that organization. As a signatory of Locarno it has assumed additional responsibility with respect to those frontiers on the Continent in the preservation of which it regards itself as even more immediately and vitally interested. Agitation in England for canceling both these commitments was met by Stanley Baldwin, actual leader of the Government, as recently as October 6, 1933, with the declaration: "What Britain has signed she will adhere to."

Apart entirely from these formally recognized obligations, Great Britain has long been impelled by geographical propinquity to mix in Continental affairs. Sir Austen Chamberlain only stressed the obvious when he asserted last year that Great Britain's choice "is not between isolation and participation but between helping to shape events or becoming their passive victim." Great Britain fears a united Europe: from the time of Henry VII down, a guiding principle of its European policy has been balance of power, which is merely the English way of saying *divide et impera.* The France of Napoleon I,

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which it destroyed with the aid of Prussia, and the Germany of William II, which it checked with the aid of France, and half the world besides, alike testify to the remorseless operation of this policy. "Whatever nation," Sir Frank Fox once wrote, "appears to aim at a supreme position in Europe must be confronted by Great Britain."

The dynamic situation in Europe today is the fruit of this centuries-old British superstition. Germany, which had demonstrated its ability to keep order on the Continent, was pulled down, and France, which is equipped neither by temperament nor by numbers for the rôle, was set up in its place. At the bottom of France's insistence upon going about armed to the teeth is a vivid realization of its inadequacy for the task allotted to it. As soon as Germany gave in, the Allies dispersed. Alone, alongside a disarmed but still powerful and virile neighbor, all the "security" that France feels she can depend on is represented by her military establishment, a ring of minor, satellite states on the Continent—and a scrap of paper, signed at Versailles, which few statesmen but her own can longer contemplate without a blush. The end is not yet.

All this might have been avoided if British statesmanship had been less inflexible. When it emerged from the era of splendid isolation, which closed with the last century, Great Britain had the choice of aligning with Germany or with France and Russia. Joseph Chamberlain was only one of several British leaders of the day who believed that "the most natural alliance is between ourselves and the German Empire." Cecil Rhodes was so carried away by the idea of a great Anglo-Teutonic family of nations that he opened his will and added a codicil, admitting German students, as he had already admitted American students, to his Oxford scholarships. The Admiralty and the City wrecked the hopes of those far-seeing men. Jealousy of German commercial success and fear of the German navy were the rocks upon which the proposed alliance went to pieces. Great Britain's choice of France for its Continental partner was due far less to Edward VII's affection for the French people, acquired during his young and crapulous years in Paris, than to those two Medean laws of British policy: that Britannia rules the waves and that she must fight any nation that aspires to a dominant position across the Channel.

Any one who thinks that American counsel carries weight in Downing Street may profitably reflect upon the fact that, when he tried to get Great Britain to take the hand of friendship that Germany held out to it, Theodore Roosevelt, as he himself admitted in 1905, was reminded that Great Britain was "able to attend to her own affairs" and "does not desire better relations with Germany." A decade later Great Britain was less certain of its ability in that direction. The world would have been safer for democracy today if its repulsion to Germany had been less adamantine.

III

As little emphasized by the propagandists as the commitments we are invited to share with Great Britain are the consequences of our already having "stood by England" for thirty-five years. The advantages that have accrued therefrom to the United States, or to the world in general, are neither so numerous nor so profound as to furnish an incontrovertible argument for

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further coöperation with Great Britain, where our own interests are not adequately recognized and safeguarded.

We stood by Great Britain in 1898, when we retained the Philippines, which London feared Germany might otherwise acquire from Spain. Although Colonel Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, Senator Beveridge and a few other young bloods in this country, who had come under the spell of Cecil Rhodes's achievements and Rudyard Kipling's imperialistic doggerel, wanted to ring the globe with such outposts of American trade, Americans generally knew little and cared less about the islands. God did not send to William McKinley in a dream and tell him to keep the Philippines until long after a "strictly confidential" exchange of cables between the State Department and the American Embassy in London had elicited from Ambassador Hay the warning that "the British Government prefer to have us retain" them. The value of the service we then rendered Great Britain is attested by the present anxiety of Winston Churchill, Sir Frederick Whyte and other British elucidators of world problems for the American public, that we may eventually accord the Filipinos the independence they are clamoring for and we have long promised them.

We stood by Great Britain in 1899, when, at its instigation, we put over the Open Door in China. The retention of the Philippines and the assumption of the politico-economic protectorate over China implied by the Open Door doctrine projected the United States into the maelstrom of Far Eastern politics from which every consideration of national interests warned it to stay away. Constant tension with Japan has been the result.

We stood by Great Britain in 1900, while it destroyed the South African Republics, although popular feeling in this country ran so strongly in the opposite direction that it was only with great difficulty that the Republican National Convention of that year was prevented from adopting a resolution favoring the recognition of the Boers. Secretary Hay sent word to the British Government that "as long as I stay here in Washington no action shall be taken contrary to my conviction that the one indispensable feature of our foreign policy should be a friendly understanding with England." At the same time he assured the German Ambassador that Great Britain "could count on the good offices of the United States in every difficulty arising from the war" and that "if the existence of the British Empire should be called in question there is no knowing what constellation might then make its appearance among the powers."

We stood by Great Britain and its ally, Japan, while the latter drove Russia out of southern Manchuria and the former, taking advantage of Russian preoccupation, sent an army into Tibet and forced upon the authorities at Lhasa a treaty destroying Chinese sovereignty over 500,000 square miles of territory contiguous to India. If in its war with Japan we had given Russia the same sort of support that it had previously given us, when Great Britain was trying to destroy the Union during the Civil War, there would have been no Manchukuo today, Korea would not be a Japanese satrapy, and the Japanese themselves would be back within their own island confines.

We stood by Great Britain and its Allies in the World War. We submitted for more than two years to their

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flagrant and indefensible invasions of our neutral rights—and in the end had to plunge into the War ourselves in order to make sure that Germany did not emerge from it in a condition to hold us to strict accountability for the complacency with which the Administration in Washington had stood by while the British navy hit the Central Powers beneath the belt.

The War was no sooner over, and its spoils divided among the Allies, than Great Britain relegated the United States to the place in its affections previously occupied by Germany. A former officer of the British navy tells us that "the Admiralty automatically indicated America as the potential enemy." Writing from London on July 30, 1919, Colonel House remarked:

> Almost as soon as I arrived in England I felt an antagonism to the United States. . . . The relations of the two countries are beginning to assume the same character as those of England and Germany before the War.

When War debts were mentioned, Arthur Balfour dubbed the United States "Uncle Shylock," as Lord Marley admits, and from then down to those derisory "token payments" that even *The Economist* of London could not swallow without vomiting protest, Great Britain has sought to escape both the settlement of its debt and the reputational consequences of frank repudiation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer added insult to injury, when he told the Commons on December 14, 1932:

> When we come to enter upon those discussions we shall be able to put before them arguments which may not appeal to the Middle West but which, I think, will appeal to the more informed and responsible section of opinion in the United States.

The effect of truckling to Great Britain is apparent in the following excerpt from a London dispatch carried by the New York *Times* on January 1, 1934:

> Chancellor Hitler's accusations against Sir John (Simon) are mild indictments as compared with what progressive Englishmen say about his failure to support Henry L. Stimson two years ago, when the then American Secretary of State warned Japan that her Manchurian acquisitions would not be recognized as valid. Instead of seizing that opportunity for a joint Anglo-American policy, Sir John became Japan's advocate at Geneva and still holds her brief. That was the first of four tangible American proposals Sir John spurned.

The type of mind in control of Great Britain today respects strength and despises weakness and servility. Give it an inch of encouragement and it will stretch it into an ell and a half of "affectionate relationship." John Bull is not to be handled that way—unless we are to be content forever to wear his livery.

IV

The Far East contains more dynamite for us than Europe does. We can keep out of trouble on the other side of the Atlantic by minding our own business on our own side of that spacious ocean. We are no longer so fortunately situated with respect to the danger constantly brewing in Asia: for we have left our side of the Pacific, extended our sovereignty into Asiatic waters and made it our business to uphold the Open Door in China.

Any one who believes that war may not eventuate from this situation is living in the same fool's paradise to which Lord Strabolgi, an ardent apostle of Anglo-American amity, assigns those who think that "war is forever impossible between the United States and Britain." Advocates of our "standing by England" through thick and thin

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ought, consequently, to be prepared to answer a question that daily acquires more pertinence, as the date approaches for the reconsideration of the Washington Conference agreements: *Were war, unhappily, to break out between the United States and Japan, would Great Britain stand by the United States?*

About a year ago, when our relations with Japan were unpleasantly tense, Winston Churchill declared in London that it did not lie "with the United States, who tied our navy in the trammels of unreasonable treaties, to urge us to engage in a quarrel with the island power, with whom we may disagree but for whom we have lasting regard." At about the same time Sir John Simon told the Commons that under no circumstances would his Government authorize its country to engage in the controversy in the Far East.

Great Britain and Japan have been playing together for more than thirty years. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance of 1902, widely deprecated in England and universally condemned in Australia, was a marriage of convenience contracted by Governments in which similar economic and political ambitions had bred a like irrepressible and egotistical imperialism. Japan curbed Russia, while Great Britain held the ring in Europe and gave Japan a free hand on the mainland. Without foreknowledge of British connivance and French consent, Japan would hardly have embarked upon the extensive and provocative adventure that has led to the establishment of Manchukuo.

Salisbury admitted that in supporting Turkey against Russia over the Dardanelles question, Great Britain had "backed the wrong horse." A suspicion that in backing Japan against Russia in the Far East, Salisbury himself committed an even graver error of policy is widely entertained by his own countrymen today: for under the British ægis, with British aid, comfort and complicity, Japan has developed a self-confidence, a commercial enterprise, an appetite for economic independence and security and a military and naval strength that make it a far greater menace to the British Empire than ever Germany was. Japan can not be encircled by a ring of contiguous enemies. The Occidental power that fights Japan must do so in a distant and unsympathetic environment. A cloud of depressing proportions would be removed from Great Britain's imperial future if some other nation could be induced to burn its fingers in that fire.

The natural course of Japanese expansion is, first, toward the mainland of Asia, where the coal and iron so badly needed by Japanese industry can be obtained and a defensible frontier set up: then down the coast of Asia to the tin mines of the Straits, the oil fields and sugar and rubber plantations of the British and Dutch East Indies, and the cotton country of India itself. The logic of the situation is not lost on the Dutch, as the recent appeal by one of their high army officers for the United States, Great Britain, France and Holland to stand together against Japan shows. The rush job being carried out on the great naval base at Singapore indicates that Great Britain also is alive to it. Checked in Asia, Japan might divert its attention to the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands and even to South America.

A war between the United States and Japan would be far more agreeable to British policy than a war between Great Britain and Japan, which might easily wreck the British Empire. The

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Admiralty in London has no such illusions, as have been expressed by ignoramuses in this country, that "the British navy could blow the Japanese navy out of the water with a single broadside." The natural conformation of the Japanese archipelago is ideally adapted to defense against naval attack: while the narrow channels in and about the East Indies would provide Japanese submarines with an excellent hunting ground for craft of all kinds. What is more to the point, a war between Great Britain and Japan would severely test the loyalty of India to the Empire. The Indians, while differing in many ways from the Japanese and the Chinese, share with their Asiatic neighbors a common repugnance to Western aggression. The revulsion of native feeling against sending Indian troops to Shanghai in 1927 was an eye-opener to the Government of India, which took every means, according to Commander Kenworthy, to prevent the news of it from reaching the outside world—and especially the United States. Great Britain might find itself, if it attacked Japan, with more than one war on its hands.

A struggle between the United States and Japan, which would take the latter's mind off India, at least temporarily, and would enable Great Britain to seize the bone of trade let drop by the combatants, would be an entirely different matter. Although there is no more reason why we should fight Japan for the mastery of the Pacific than for us to fight Great Britain for the mastery of the Atlantic, a school of British writers persist in parading the "inevitability" of such a war before our own jingoes, with a monotonous periodicity suggesting a determination to irritate or alarm Japanese or American opinion into bringing it about. The obliging Mr. Bywater took the trouble to write a book on the subject, which told Japan how to take the Philippines and Guam in 1931—and the United States how to retake them in 1933. When 1933 came and went, without anything of the sort happening, another obliging and prophetic Englishman, Mr. H. G. Wells, set the date ahead to 1937.

The Japanese, although irritated by this propaganda, are not fooled by it. A good deal of their patience in face of Secretary Stimson's unnecessarily provocative notes respecting Manchuria probably was due to their understanding of the lay of the land. While those notes were still reverberating, a well-known Japanese publicist wrote in an influential Japanese periodical:

> Japan's enemy is not China nor is it Germany, France or America. America is . . . a doll that is always ready to dance on the stage if only it is dressed beautifully. There is a sharp-witted manipulator behind the doll. Great Britain defeated Russia by means of the Japanese doll and Germany by means of the French doll: now it is trying to restrain Japan through the manipulation of a most tractable doll—America.

A noteworthy omission from all this manipulative and incendiary literature is any reference to Great Britain's standing by the United States.

A vast amount of nonsense has been written in this country about the dropping of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance after the Washington Conference. Any undertaking to fight on an unarrived issue is irksome to Downing Street. The British Government could congratulate itself on its good fortune, therefore, when the opportunity presented itself of escaping from the alliance with Japan, which had become widely unpopular in Great Britain, and at the same time representing to Japan that

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this action was forced by the United States, Canada, Australia and South Africa.

Any idea Americans may have entertained, at the time, that the termination of the formal alliance between Great Britain and Japan seriously affected the exceptional relationship existing between the two countries, was destroyed, at the end of a single lustrum, at the Geneva naval parley, when they lined up against the United States. The Paris *Temps*, which has sharp eyes for political developments, said on July 18, 1927:

> At the Washington Conference of 1921 Great Britain acted with the United States against Japan and made a sacrifice of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to enter upon more friendly relations with the United States. Today Great Britain and Japan are found side by side in an agreement which is opposed by the United States and in conditions which can easily be recognized as the first symptoms of an Anglo-Japanese political rapprochement.

The Geneva correspondent of the *Times* wrote on July 22, 1927:

> The possibility of a revival of the old relations is discussed as a contingency in the event of the conference not ending with the promised success. Should the alliance, which was abandoned at the behest of the United States, be revived, it is realised that it would exercise its influence upon the naval politics of the Pacific for a long time to come.

At the opening of Parliament in November, 1928, the King was made to say from the throne:

> The historic friendship which for so many years has united Japan and my country has always been a potent factor in the maintenance of peace in the Far East.

The path thus smoothed is still being trod by Sir John Simon and his colleagues in London. Great Britain could not side openly with Japan, against the United States, without risking the secession of Australia and Canada from the Empire: covertly it might. If it were fighting with its back to the wall, says Lord Strabolgi, Great Britain would not hesitate a moment to use Japan against us. The coöperation of British and Japanese troops against the Germans in Tsingtau lends color to that probability. There is no reason why it should hesitate to do so. The Japanese are as clean and chivalrous fighters as the modern world knows.

V

The angle of divergence of American and British aims in the Far East is sufficiently acute to emphasize the fundamental difference between the international outlook of the United States and that of the British Empire.

The World War was eloquent of Great Britain's adherence to the ancient and simple plan of knocking down and dragging out any one who differs from it. The same immutability of policy, which keeps the Tory leaders of Great Britain from attempting to conciliate altered circumstances, shows in the multitude of reservations, exceptions and subterfuges by which they have preserved their own freedom of action, while curbing the economic and political freedom of their rivals and competitors.

Secretary Hay was following a British lead when he negotiated the Open Door agreements respecting China: yet the British Government of the day balked at the inclusion of its own leased territory of Kowloon in that self-denying engagement. Consequently Kowloon, which Downing Street defined as "an integral part" of the "existing colony" of Hongkong, was excepted, although it is no more a part of Hong-

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kong than Florida is a part of Cuba.

After the first draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations was circulated at the Peace Conference, a meeting of the British, French and Japanese delegates is reliably reported to have been held in Paris and their Governments pledged to support each other on all questions relating to Asia. The Covenant was then amended by the insertion of Article XXI, which provides that nothing in that instrument shall be deemed to affect the validity of "regional understandings" for securing "the maintenance of peace." The last clause might as well have been omitted. Covenant or no Covenant, what Great Britain, France and Japan determined upon was to be law for all Asia. This accounts for many subsequent happenings in the Far East.

The Kellogg Pact was similarly restricted in its application by the following reservation:

> There are certain regions of the world, the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety. His Majesty's Government has been at pains to make clear in the past that interference with these regions cannot be suffered. Their protection against attack is to the British Empire a measure of self-defence. It must be clearly understood that His Majesty's Government in Great Britain accepts the new treaty upon the distinct understanding that it does not prejudice its freedom of action in this respect.

The no-force treaty which Mr. MacDonald induced his principal colleagues at Geneva to adopt, as a preliminary to disarmament, was not extended to these earmarked regions of the world, although in May, 1933, Ambassador Davis voted with the Turks, Persians, Afghans and other weaker nations contiguous to the frontiers of the Empire, who desired the protection of its provisions. Similarly, with respect to all proposals for the internationalization of aviation and the prohibition of aerial bombing: Great Britain can not be hampered in the "policing" of its frontiers. So, too, with Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion of an international agreement not to send armed forces across national boundaries. The British Government noted with enthusiasm Mr. Roosevelt's willingness to practise what he preached, as far as the United States was concerned: as for Great Britain's following his enlightened example, that was another matter.

The only American gesture toward world peace that appears to have received the sincere and spontaneous approbation of the present British Government was the announcement last May, at Washington and Geneva, that, if war threatened, we would consult with other interested powers, with a view to preventing hostilities, and that, if we concurred in their identification of the aggressor, we would refrain from any action tending to defeat their collective efforts to restore peace.

VI

A government is duty bound to exercise its utmost ingenuity for the protection of the interests entrusted to it. The British Government could not do less than that and remain in office. Wheedling or bulldozing other nations into supporting its policies is not to be condemned as unmitigated political sin. That is part of the game. Where the United States is concerned, a number of extenuating circumstances enter into British calculations.

The idea is widely held in Great Britain, and occasionally voiced, that the United States is too young a nation to be allowed out in the world alone and

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unchaperoned: that Great Britain is doing it a favor by extending to it an experienced, if not altogether disinterested, tutelage, as we do to our little brown brothers in the Caribbean.

Anglo-American amity is not promoted by truckling to a class that so obviously confuses the cosmic *summum bonum* with their own temporal interests. Great Britain is today one of the most nationalistic countries in the world and, for offensive warfare, quite the most heavily armed. Armies, which can not swim, are innocuous beyond their own continental limits. The British navy can carry destruction in the future, as it has carried it in the past, to every corner of the Seven Seas. The recent maneuvers of a British squadron in the West Indies is a reminder of that. The clamor of Winston Churchill and his die-hard following for the denunciation of the London naval agreement of 1930 shows that, whatever sacrifices it may entice other countries into making on the altar of disarmament, Great Britain has no intention of surrendering control of the seas. That should not be forgotten by any nation whose coöperation for world peace it solicits.

A very considerable element of the British people take a more intelligent attitude toward the United States than that persevered in by Stanley Baldwin, Sir John Simon, Winston Churchill, Walter Runciman and their ilk, who happen to be in power at the present time. This element includes many Liberals and Laborites and other progressives, who have protested against the practice of dismissing every American proposal in the field of international endeavor as "arid idealism." They have a conception of coöperation that involves "give" as well as "take." The efforts of these progressives to establish a basis for enduring Anglo-American good will and understanding are not aided by Americans going around and verbigerating that the United States must stand by England, whatever England stands for. The effect of that sort of thing is to enhance the prestige of the Government for the time being and harden its heart against a more enlightened approach to world problems. The effect of "the interlude of aloofness" that we gave the disarmament conference last autumn was quite different. The Opposition in the Commons was moved by it to attack Sir John Simon's shilly-shallying at Geneva, with a vehemence that brought action.

The greatest contribution that we could make to world peace today would perhaps be to permit it to be generally understood that we are not to be used by Great Britain, any more than by any other power, as a whip for policies that are not reasonably consonant with our own traditions and ideals: that if others start a war, they will have to finish it without our aid.

The greatest service we can do Anglo-American amity is to disabuse the public mind in both countries of the idea that England can expect the United States to stand by it, while it evidences so little disposition to return the compliment of coöperation.

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Life Isn't a Short Story

By Conrad Aiken

A Story

The short story writer had run out of ideas; he had used them all; he was feeling as empty as a bathtub and as blue as an oyster. He stirred his coffee without gusto and looked at his newspaper without reading it, only noting (but with a lacklustre eye) that Prohibition was finally dead. He was having his breakfast at one of those white-tiled restaurants which are so symbolic of America—with an air of carbolic purity at the entrance, but steamy purlieus at the rear which imagination trembles to investigate. His breakfast was always the same: two two-minute eggs, a little glass of chilled tomato juice, dry toast and coffee. The only change, this morning, lay in the fact that he was having these simple things in a new place—it was a somewhat humbler restaurant than the one he usually entered at eight-thirty. He had looked in through the window appraisingly, and had a little hesitantly entered. But the ritual turned out to be exactly the same as at the others—a ticket at the entrance, where the cashier sat behind a glass case which was filled with cigarettes, chewing-gum and silver-papered cakes of chocolate; a tray at the counter; the precise intonation of "*two twos, with.*" The only difference, in fact, was that the china was of a pale smoke-blue, a soft and dim blue which, had it been green, would have been pistachio. This gave his coffee a new appearance.

He sat at the marble-topped table near the window, and looked out at the crowded square. A light soft drizzle was falling on the morning rush of cars, wagons, pedestrians, newsboys; before the window bobbed a continuous procession of men and women; and he watched them over the half-seen headlines of his newspaper. A middle-aged woman, walking quickly, her umbrella pulled low over her head, so that the whiteness of her profile was sharp and immediate against the purple shadow. She vanished past the range of his vision before he had had time to see her properly—and for a moment after she had gone he went on thinking about her. She might do for the physical model of his story: but she wasn't fat enough, nor was she blonde, and for some obscure reason he had decided that the heroine must be fat and blonde. Just the same, she was real, she had come from somewhere and was going somewhere, and she was doing it with obvious concentration and energy. The rhythm of her gait was unusually pronounced, each shoulder swayed slightly but emphatically sideways, as if in a

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series of quick and aggressive but cheerful greetings—the effect, if not quite graceful, was individual and charming. He stopped thinking about her, and recovered his powers of observation, just in time to see a gray Irish face, middle-aged, hook-nosed, under a dirty felt hat, a hand quickly removing the pipe from the mouth, and the lips pouting to eject a long bright arc of spit, which fell heavily out of sight, the pipe then replaced. Such a quantity of spit he could not have imagined—his mouth felt dry at the mere thought of it. Where had it been stored and for how long? and with increasing pleasure, or increasing annoyance? The act itself had been unmistakably a pleasure, and had probably had its origins in pride: one could imagine him having competed, as a boy, in spitting through a knot-hole in a fence. He had trained himself, all his life, in the power of retention: his mouth had become a kind of reservoir.

II

But the "story" came back to him. It had waked him up as a feeling of obscure weight at the back of his head or on the back of his tongue; it had seemed also to be in one corner of the shadowy ceiling above the bookcase, like a cobweb to be removed with a long brush. He had lain in bed looking at it, now and then turning his head to right or left on the pillow as if precisely to turn it away from the idea. It might be Elmira, it might be Akron, it might be Fitchburg—it was a small provincial city, at any rate, the sort of small town that looks its most characteristic in a brick-red post-card of hard straight streets and ugly red houses. But she wouldn't be living in one of these—she would be living in an apartment house of shabby stucco, and the entrance would be through a door of grained varnish and plate glass. It would have an air of jaded superiority. And as for her apartment itself, on the second floor, with a little curly brass number on the door—

The idea had first occurred to him in the lobby of the Orpheum. He had paused to light a cigarette in the passage that led past the lounge, where parrots squawked in cages, and canaries trilled, and goldfish swam in an ornate aquarium, at the bottom of which, dimly seen through the heavy green water, was a kind of crumbling Gothic castle. He was standing there, looking at this, when the two groups of people had suddenly encountered each other with such hearty and heavy surprise. He had caught merely the phrases "*as I live and breathe!*" and "*in the flesh!*" The two men and the two women he had scarcely looked at—the phrases themselves had so immediately assumed an extraordinary importance. They would both, he at once saw, make good titles—it was only later that he had seen that they both had the same meaning. They both simply meant—*alive*.

Alive. And that was the difference between life, as one conceived it in a story, and life as it was, for example, in the restaurant in which he was sitting, or in the noisy square at which he was looking. As I live and breathe—I am standing here living and breathing, you are standing there living and breathing, and it's a surprise and a delight to both of us. In the flesh, too—death hasn't yet stripped our bones, or the crematory tried out our fats. We haven't seen each other for a long while, we didn't know whether we were dead or not, but here we are.

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At the same time, there was the awful commonplaceness of the two phrases, the cheapness of them, the vulgarity—they were as old as the hills, and as worn; æons of weather and æons of handshake lay upon them; one witnessed, in the mere hearing of them, innumerable surprised greetings, innumerable mutual congratulations on the mere fact of being still alive. The human race seemed to extend itself backwards through them, in time, as along a road—if one pursued the thought one came eventually to a vision of two small apes peering at each other round the cheeks of a cocoanut and making a startled noise that sounded like "*yoicks!*" Or else, one simply saw, in the void, one star passing another, with no vocal interchange at all, nothing but a mutual exacerbation of heat. . . . It was very puzzling.

He stirred his coffee, wondered if he had sweetened it, reassured himself by tasting it. Yes. But in this very commonplaceness lay perhaps the idea: he had begun to see, as he lay in bed in the morning, watching the rain; and as he wondered about the large blonde lady in Fitchburg; he had begun to see that Gladys (for that was her name) was just the sort of hopelessly vulgar and commonplace person who would pride herself on her superiority in such matters. She would dislike such phrases, they would disgust her. After the first two or three years of her marriage to Sidney, when the romance had worn off and the glamor had fallen like a mask from his lean Yankee-trader's face, when the sense of time had begun to be obtrusive, and the deadly round of the merely quotidian had replaced the era of faint orchids and bright bracelets and expensive theatre-tickets, it was then that she became conscious of certain tedious phrases he was in the habit of using. There was no concealing the fact any longer that they really came of separate and different worlds: Sidney had had little more than a high school education, he had no "culture," he had never read a book in his life. He had walked straight from school into his father's hardware shop. What there was to know about cutlery, tools, grass-seed, lawn-mowers, washing-machines, wire nails, white lead paint and sandpaper, he knew. He was a loyal Elk, a shrewd and honest business man, a man of no vices (unless one counted as a vice a kind of Hoosier aridity) and few pleasures. Occasionally he went to the bowling-alleys, a pastime which she had always considered a little vulgar; he enjoyed a good hockey match; he liked a good thriller in the talkies (one of the few tastes they actually shared); and now and then he wanted to sit in the front row at a musical comedy. On these occasions, there was a definite sparkle or gleam about him, a lighting up of his sharp gray eyes, which reminded her of the Sidney to whom she had become engaged. This both puzzled and annoyed her: she felt, as she looked at him, a vague wave of jealousy and hatred. It must have been this gleam which, when focused intently on herself, had misled her into thinking him something that he wasn't and never would be.

III

As I live and breathe.

The story might even be called that.

A horse and wagon drew up at the curbstone outside the window. On the side of the wagon was inscribed, "Acme Towel Supply Company." Of course; it was one of those companies which supply towels and napkins and dishcloths

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to hotels and restaurants. The driver had jumped down, dropping his reins, and was opening the little pair of shabby wooden doors at the back of the wagon. The brown horse, his head down, his eyes invisible behind blinkers, stood perfectly still, as if deep in thought. His back and sides were shiny with rain, the worn harness dripped, now and then he twitched his shoulder muscles, as if in a slight shiver. Why did towel-supply companies always deliver towels in horse-drawn wagons? It was one of the minor mysteries; a queer sort of survival, for which one saw no possible reason. Beyond the wagon and the horse, the traffic was beginning to move forward again in response to a shrill bird-call from the policeman's whistle. A man in a black slicker had come close to the window and was reading the "specials" which were placarded in cinnamon-colored paper on the glass. When this had been done, he peered into the restaurant between two squares of paper; the quick sharp eyes looked straight at him and then past him and were as quickly gone. This meeting of his eyes had very likely prevented him from coming in: it was precisely such unexpected encounters with one's own image, as seen in the returned glance of another, that changed the course of one's life. And the restaurant had perhaps lost the sale of a couple of doughnuts and a "cup of coffee, half cream."

The way to get at Glady's character, perhaps, was through her environment, the kind of place she lived in, her street, her apartment, her rooms. First of all, the stucco apartment house, the glass door, on which the name "Saguenay" was written obliquely in large gilt script, with a flourish of broad gilt underneath. Inside the door, a flight of shallow stairs, made of imitation marble, superficially clean, but deeply ingrained with dirt. Her apartment, now that she lived alone, was small, of course—it consisted of a bedroom, a sitting-room, a bathroom and a kitchenette. One's immediate feeling, on entering the sitting-room from the varnished hallway, was that the occupant must be a silly woman. It was plushy, it was perfumed, there was a bead curtain trembling between the sitting-room and the kitchenette, at either side of the lace-curtained window hung a golden-wired birdcage, in which rustled a canary, and on the windowsill was a large bowl of goldfish. The ornaments were very ornamental and very numerous; the mantel groaned with souvenirs and photographs; the pictures were uniformly sentimental—several were religious. It was clear that she doted, simply doted, on birds and flowers—talked baby-talk to the canaries and the goldfish, even to the azalea, and always of course in that offensive, little, high-pitched fat-woman's coo. She would come in to them in the morning, wearing a pink flannel wrapper, brushing her hair, and would talk to them or wag a coy finger at them. And how's my sweet little dicky bird this morning? and have they slept well and been good in the night? and have they kept their little eyes shut tight to keep out the naughty bogey-man? And then at once she would forget them entirely, begin singing softly, walk with her head tilted on one side to the bathroom to turn on the bath, return to the kitchen to filch a cookie from the bread-box, and then go languidly to the front door for the milk and the newspaper.

The newspaper was the *Christian Science Monitor:* she took it, not because she was a Scientist, though she had an open mind, but because it was so "cultured." She liked to read about

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books and music and foreign affairs, and it frequently gave her ideas for little talks to the Women's Club. She had talked about the dole in England, and its distressing effect on the morals of the young men, and she had made a sensation by saying that she thought one should not too hastily condemn the nudist cult in Germany. Every one knew that the human body craved sunlight, that the ultra-violet rays, or was it the infra-red, were most beneficial, so the idea was at least a healthy one, wasn't it? And the beautiful purity of Greek life was surely an answer to those who thought the human body in itself impure. It raised the whole question of what was purity, anyway! Every one knew that purity was in the heart, in the attitude, and not really in the body. She thought the idea of playing croquet in the nude, queer as it might seem to us in Fitchburg, most interesting. One ought to think less about the body and more about the mind.

IV

The towel-supply man seemed to have disappeared: perhaps he was getting a cup of coffee at the Waldorf next door. Or making a round of several of the adjacent restaurants all at once. The horse waited patiently, was absolutely still, didn't even stamp a foot. He looked as if he were thinking about the rain. Or perhaps, dismayed by the senseless noise of all the traffic about him, he was simply thinking about his stall, wherever it was. Or more likely, not thinking anything at all. He just stood.

To her friends, of course, and to her sister Emma (who was her chief reason for living in Fitchburg) she posed as a woman with a broken heart, a woman tragically disillusioned, a beautiful romantic who had found that love was dust and ashes and that men were—well, creatures of a lower order. It was all very sad, very pitiful. One ought to have foreseen it, perhaps, or one ought not to have been born so sensitive, but there it was. If you had a soul, if you had perceptions, and loved beautiful things, and if you fell in love while you were still inexperienced and trusting, while you still looked at a world of violets through violet eyes, this was what happened. You gave your heart to some one who didn't deserve it. But what man ever *did* deserve it? Only the poets, perhaps, or the composers, Chopin for instance, those rare creatures, half angel and half man (or was it half bird?) who had great and deep and tender souls. And how many such men could one find in Massachusetts? It was all so impossible, it was all so dreadful. Every one knew that in America the women were infinitely more refined and sensitive than the men, you had only to look about you. What man ever wanted to talk about poetry with you, or listen to an evening of the Preludes, or to a lecture about the love affair of George Sand and Alfred de Musset? They wouldn't know what you meant: they wanted to go to the bowling alley or talk about the stock market; or else to sit in the front row of the Follies and look at the legs. They were vulgar, they had no imaginations. And she remembered that time at Emma's when Sidney had got so angry and gone on so in that common and vulgar way and made such a scene—whenever she thought of it she got hot all over. Absolutely, it was the most vulgar scene! And done deliberately, too, just because he was so jealous about their having a refined

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conversation. And when she tried to stop him talking about it, he just went on, getting stubborner and stubborner, and all simply to make her feel ashamed. As if any of them had wanted to hear about those cheap drinking-parties of his in Ohio. And that dreadful word, burgoo, that was it, which they had all laughed at, and tried to shame him out of, why what do you mean, burgoo, why Sidney what are you talking about, who ever heard such a word as *burgoo, burgoo!* And even that hadn't been enough, he got red and angry and went on saying it, burgoo, what's wrong with burgoo, of course there is such a word, and damned fine parties they were, too, and if they only had burgoos in Massachusetts life here would be a damned sight better. The idea! It served him right that she got mad and jumped up and said what she did. If you can't talk politely like a gentleman, or let others talk, then I think you had better leave those who will. Why don't you go back to your hardware shop, or back to Ohio, it doesn't seem this is the right environment for you. Or *anywhere* where you can have your precious burgoo.

But of course that was only one incident among so many, it was happening all the time; anybody could see that Sidney was not the man to ever appreciate her. What she always said was that nobody outside a marriage could ever possibly have any *real* idea of the things that went on there, could they. It was just impossible for them even to conceive of it. All those little things that you wouldn't think of—like Sidney's always leaving the dirty lather and little black hairs in the wash-basin after he shaved. Or the way he never noticed when she had on a new hat or ever said anything nice about the meals she got for him, just simply not noticing anything at all. That was a part of it, but much more was his simply not ever being able to talk to her, or to take any interest in intellectual things. And his vulgarity, the commonness of his speech, his manners! Every time she introduced him to somebody he would put his head down and take that ridiculous little confidential step toward them and say, "What was the name? I didn't get the name?" The idea! And if you told him about it he got mad. And as for the number of times every day that he said "as I live and breathe"—!

V

It had begun to rain harder. The sound of it rushed through the opening door as a small man, very dark, a Syrian perhaps, came in shaking his sodden hat so that the drops fell in a curve on the floor. A bright spray was dancing on the roof of the towel wagon, and a heavy stream fell splattering from one corner of an awning. People had begun to run, to scurry, in one's and two's and three's, exactly like one of those movies of the Russian Revolution, when invisible machine-guns were turned on the crowds. One would not be surprised to see them fall down, or crawl away on their bellies.

Or to see the whole square emptied of human beings in the twinkling of an eye. Nor would one be surprised to see a lightning-flash, either, for it had suddenly become astonishingly dark—the whole dismal scene had that ominous look which seems to wait, in a melodrama, for a peal of thunder. The light was sulphur-colored; it was terrifying; and he watched with fascination all the little windshield-wipers wagging agitatedly on the fronts of cars—it gave

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one the feeling that the poor things were actually frightened, and were breathing faster. As for the horse, he stood unmoving, unmoved. His head was down, and he seemed to be studying with an extraordinary concentration the torrent of muddy water which rushed past his feet. Perhaps he was enjoying it: perhaps he even liked to feel all that tropic weight of rain on his back, experiencing in it a renewal of contact with the real, the elemental. Or perhaps he merely enjoyed standing still. Or perhaps he simply *was*.

But the question arose, ought one now to switch the point of view in the story, and do something more about Sidney? What about Sidney? Where on earth was Sidney all this while? and doing what? Presumably, running his hardware shop—and presumably again in Boston—but this was a little meagre, one wanted to know something more than that. One ought to give him a special sort of appearance—a pencil behind his ear, a tuft of white hair over his sallow forehead, sharply pointed brown shoes. Perhaps he was something of a dandy, with a vivid corner of striped handkerchief pointing from his breast pocket: and perhaps he was by no means such a dull fellow as Gladys thought. But this would involve a shift in point of view, which was a mistake: it was no doubt better to stick to Gladys, in Fitchburg, and to see Sidney wholly as *she* saw him, to think of him only as *she* thought of him. She would almost certainly, from time (self-absorbed as she was, and vain, and vulgar, and with her silly small-town pretensions to culture), she would almost certainly, nevertheless, give him credit for a few virtues. He was generous: he had offered her a divorce, as soon as he knew how she felt about it; and he had behaved like a lamb, really, if she did say so, like a lamb, about the separation. He had done everything he could think of to make it easier for her.

In fact, one thing you *could* say for Sidney was, that he was generous—generous to a fault. She often thought of that. She always thought of it especially on the first of the month, when the cheque for the separation allowance turned up, as punctually as the calendar—sometimes he even sent her something extra. On these days, when she bustled to the bank with the cheque tucked into her glove to deposit it and pay the rent, she always felt so secure and happy that she had a very special state of mind about Sidney, something that was almost affection. Of course, it couldn't *be* affection, but it was *like* it—and it was just that feeling, with perhaps the loneliness which had upset her to begin with, which had misled her at last into writing him. It was easy enough now, as she had so often said to Emma, to see what had made her do it; she was sorry for him; but it only went to show how right she had been in the whole idea.

Just the same, it had been natural enough to write to him in that affectionate and grateful way; and when he had answered by so pathetically asking her to let him come to see her she had certainly thought it might be worth trying; even Emma had thought so; perhaps they would find after all that the differences between them were superficial; they could patch things up, maybe she would go back to Boston to live with him. The idea actually excited her—she remembered how she had found herself looking forward to having him come. Emma had offered to put him up for the night, so as to prevent embarrassment. And the thought of

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having him see her new apartment for the first time, with the canaries and the goldfish and the oriental rugs, and the Encyclopædia Britannica, had given her a very funny feeling, almost like being unfaithful. The day before he came she could hardly sit still. She kept walking to and fro round the apartment, moving the rugs and the chairs, and patting the cushions—and all the time wondering if two years would have changed him much, and what they would say. Naturally, she hadn't held out any real hope to him in her letter, she had only told him she would be willing to talk with him, that was all. He had no right to expect anything else, she had made that clear. However, there was no sense in not being friendly about these things, was there? Even if you were separated you could behave like a civilized human being: Emma agreed with her about that. It was the only decent thing to do. But when the day came, and when finally that afternoon she heard him breeze into Emma's front hall, stamping his feet, and went out to meet him, and saw him wearing the wing collar and the stringy little white tie, and the rubbers, and his little gray eyes shining behind the glasses with the cord, and when the very first thing he said was, just as if nothing at all had ever happened, "Well, as I live and breathe, if it isn't Gladys!"—and then stood there, not knowing whether to kiss her or shake hands—it was just a misdeal, that was all, just another misdeal.

The whole thing went down, smack, like a house of cards. She could hardly bring herself to shake hands with him, or look at him—she suddenly wanted to cry. She rushed into Emma's room and stayed there on the bed for an hour, crying—Emma kept running in and saying for God's sake pull yourself together, at least go out and talk to him for a while, he's hurt, you can't treat him like this; the poor man doesn't know whether he's going or coming; come on now, Gladys, and be a good sport. He's sitting on the sofa in there with his head down like a horse, not knowing what to say; you simply can't treat him like that. The least you can do is go out and tell him you're sorry and that it was a mistake, and that he'd better not stay, or take him round to your apartment and talk it over with him quietly and then send him back to Boston. Come on now.

But of course she couldn't do it—she couldn't even go with him to the station. Emma went with him, and told him on the platform while they were waiting for the train that it was no use, it had all been a terrible mistake, and she was sorry, they were both sorry, Gladys sent word that she was very sorry. And afterwards, she had said it was so pathetic seeing him with his brand-new suitcase there beside him on the platform, his suitcase which he hadn't even opened, just taking it back to Boston where he came from. . . . When the train finally came, he almost forgot his suitcase; she thought he would have liked to leave it behind.

The towel-supply man came running back with a basket, flung it into the wagon, banged the dripping doors shut, and then jumped nimbly up to his seat, unhooking the reins. Automatically, but as if still deep in thought, the horse leaned slowly forward, lowered his head a little, and began to move. A long day was still ahead of him, a day of crowded and noisy streets, streets full of surprises and terrors and rain, muddy uneven cobbles and greasy smooth asphalt. The wagon and the man would be always there behind him; an incal-

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culable sequence of accidents and adventures was before him. What did he think about, as he plodded from one dirty restaurant to another, one hotel to another, carrying towels? Probably nothing at all: certainly no such sentimental thing as a green meadow, nor anything so ridiculous as a story about living and breathing. It was enough, even if one was a slave, to live and breathe. For life, after all, isn't a short story.

Gulf Storm

By Sonia Ruthèle Novák

Black galleons fare in smoking gray that curls
Up from the very edge of earth. But spread
Like sheeted, slowly heaving, molten lead,
The water stills their race till lightning hurls
A gleaming javelin where a dark bird whirls
To scream a signal. Then they turn to head
Into each other, by some phantom sped
With all the knouting force it can unfurl!

They crash! They splinter rainily, and screech
Across the Gulf! Their endless debris falls
For miles around! The farthest eye can reach,
The farthest ear can hear, their wreckage mauls
The smitten air! And morning on the beach
Will stumble over stripped and broken yawls.

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Anatomy of a College Town

By Charles Morrow Wilson

A standardized American institution reacts to the depression—or does it?

It is commencement time at a typical State university. I stroll about with reportorial eye and questions. The venders of higher learning are assembled to view the latest fruition of the old culture factory—some two hundred youths in black gowns and varyingly high enthusiasms, come for diplomas and prophetic admonition.

In a sense the scene is a charming one. Yet it lacks the emphasis of finality. Commencement is but another turn of the collegiate circle. September will see a replacement of students and next June another graduation.

I study the faculty, which waits about with perfunctory patience. Graduations are but regulation turns of its trade; a trade that is to a tremendous degree the real being of the university. Therefore, as a reporter, I study the faculty.

Some of its membership have recently gained union cards in the form of Ph.D. degrees; others have lately published treatises on the "Love Life of the Black Widow Spider," or on "What's in the Sky Tonight." Perhaps the Ph.D. or the publication is worth a paragraph in the town paper, a requote in the alumni magazine, possibly even an adroit mention at the president's next reception. Possibly enough paragraphs and enough mentions, adroitly presented, may be worth an associateship in the department, or in any case a raise in pay.

Therefore as a writer for print I am welcome, but with a garnishing of doubt. For there is always the hazard that the journalese may wax facetious about the love life of the Sheba-like spider; that his technical details may be insufficient, or what is still worse, that he may leave out the item altogether. And collegiately speaking, at least, ours is still an age of publicity.

Graduation finished, I meet the president. His handshake is cool but adequate. He smiles with professional directness. He is smooth and firm-lipped. His clothes are immaculate and conservative. But as one onlooker to another I can see in him little that suggests apt championship of youth in its struggle with a stormy decade that blinds us all. Offhand, he appears to be far better fitted to a tax commission, a real estate office, or a super-service station.

I reflect that the presidency of a State university is a unique and peculiarly American institution. In the great majority of cases appointed, anointed and nurtured in politics, the university president is likely to emerge as academic tsar, master of budgets and faculty destinies;

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to buy, sell, build or demolish. Nominally directed by a board of trustees, he is far more likely to direct the trustees.

He assures me that the university is holding its own in matters of enrolment, and names the initial enrolment figure of last autumn, momentarily oblivious to the fact that due to natural sequences of flunks and non-appearances, the old factory is lucky to end the year with 300 fewer bona fide customers than it began with. The intimation is that the university is holding its own in the face of hard times; that John Citizen is having to pay only $600, say, per year for each bona fide student enrolled; rather than, say, $850, which is probably closer to the true fact.

But I mention this principally because it demonstrates a recurring ambiguity of exposition—a quantitative estimate of a qualitative commodity. Any one understands that a poorly governed and ill-directed university with an enrolment of 10,000 is still a poor school, whereas a well-governed university with 100 students is nevertheless a good one. Yet as a prevailing technique, the university president interprets cultural services in terms of dollars and cents received and expended, students enrolled, mechanical equipage and cubic feet of building.

I stroll away, privately defining the State university as a sort of theoretic culture stand whereat American youth may pause in its traditional struggle for advancement and partake of bodily rest, mental nurture and social refreshment, the while straddling the bench that separates mind and matter.

The president suffers an afterthought. He shows me an architect's drawing which pictures the university's campus as it will appear ten years from date. His features show delight. He reaches for his pencil and begins to point—a new chemistry building—a new library—"I" will build at so-and-so the cubic foot.

In silence I wish that part of the building appropriations might be spent for the services of more competent teachers—for loans to help needy and deserving students—for then public sentiment might be the better served. But taxpayer's sentiment has little direct reflection in the academic mirror. Higher learning must have its cubic feet of rock, glass and concrete. The president recites building plans with all the calm grandiloquence with which a Pharaoh might have told plans for the greatest of all pyramids. In a sense, both are tomb-builders—in behalf of themselves.

II

I stroll back into the hall where faculty members wait for a final meeting. I study their faces, checking names and degrees. About half of them have Ph.D.'s. Most of them are native-born Americans; many of them from the Corn Belt, grist of the more populaced Mid-Western universities, sons and daughters of farmers and merchants who have abandoned those crafts to become professional educators.

Their dress, grammar, and collective appearance bespeak business people—clerks, salesmen, accountants, minor executives. Their features do not register eminent attainment or intelligence. To this hurried generality, I notice two outstanding exceptions. One is a middle-aged woman with a keenly sensitive face. I inquire her name and place.

"She's just a library assistant."

The answer carries a conservative coolness. My other choice of outstanding appearance is still more evidently a maverick in faculty social circles: an eccentric little Russian given to explo-

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sive contradictions and international honors in the field of dietetics. Yet, all in all, had the company been one of bank clerks, corresponding secretaries and wholesale meat purveyors, I should have felt better grounded, more convinced.

The president enters. I watch his gregarious technique. He has nods for instructors, nods and brief handshakes for assistants and associates, full length handshakes and verbal pleasantries for department heads and deans.

I sense in every corner grim skeletons of two-by-four politics. Professorially speaking, I am told that the university has a faculty member for every seven and two-fifths students. Standardized qualifications require that each faculty member have at least a master's degree. Yet offhand I see several who do not. Some have taught for a score of years without any manner of degree. Others claim the title "doctor" without any imaginable scholastic or professional alibi for so doing.

The president makes mellow comment on the health and good cheer of dear old Dean So-and-So who, without benefit of doctorate, has signed the payroll for fifty-two years, not to mention having taught a Sunday school class for half-a-century. But the president's mellowness is not altogether consistent of flow when the subject shifts to more inclusive problems.

When the subject shifts to a reckoning of strength and prosperity of respective departments, for example, executive mellowness seems ominously dormant. Universities are perhaps as standardized as any outcropping of American life, and in this university, as in any one of a hundred others, the prosperous departments are those with the best enrolments and the most able recruiting services. If the philosophy department, let us say, raises but a hundred students, it probably has a professor, an instructor and hard times. But if the ante is raised to four hundred, personnel and salaries are lifted accordingly.

But economic woe is all too apt to befall the department without an able recruiting service. If a music faculty, or an art faculty, or a science faculty can not recruit enough students, then executive mellowness is likely to be replaced by stern arithmetic. For the State university stays in quest of the tangible and numerable. It strives to measure services in dollars per student, quantum of personnel and properties, and in so doing stands upon quaking props, one of them of cultural or intellectual abstraction; the other realistically financial.

I stroll over to the business offices to interview the university's business manager. What I learn here shows no mellowness. The business manager, florid and dapper, smiling much and smoking innumerable cigars as he views collegiate Americana with doubting eyes that are baby blue and Scandinavian, is accustomed to delivering gloomy tidings. He tells me that student fees can not possibly be lowered, not even to the 1928 prosperity level. He tells me that he must make further cuts in the institution's labor payrolls in order to compete with local labor markets. I argue:

"But the living index is up-bound, and there's not any local labor market in any real sense of the word, and if you've got to cut, why not cut proportionally from top to bottom, president and faculty the same as pipe-fitter and janitor?"

"Don't ask me to explain. I'm only a cog in the works."

I reflect that here is another fold of the State university's raiment of unreal-

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ity. Financially speaking it is a prodigal son or daughter, beseeching all possible public money from the parent legislature and clamoring loudly for more. Every year the combined expenditures of public funds by all State universities and colleges run well above the half-billion mark, as much as the combined worth of a nation's major farm crop, or the earnings of a nation-wide industry. Now that the cost per college year to the student appears to have waned from $900 to about $700, the cost to the public purse stays neck-to-neck with those figures, even when padded enrolment estimates are accepted at par.

And even though any primer of economics tells one that wage-scales build the one sound groundwork for tax resources, the feed trough of university funds, State universities and colleges throughout the land stand notorious for their disregard of labor marts and their bearing of common labor wage.

When hard times begin to stem cash intakes, menial employes are traditionally first to suffer. In the instance of the university I report, prevailing wage scales for janitors, repair men, gardeners, livestock tenders, plumbers, painters and carpenters still stay unreasonably low, although faculty salaries are well in keeping with the national average.

Certainly this process of wage massacre is not intelligent economy any more than it is a step toward social justice.

III

On my way to the registrar's office I ponder upon the grist of this higher learning. Dapper and expressionless swains, clattering, gaudy damsels. Gold pins and badges flash with the audacity of medals dangling upon the chests of generals who speak sweet words about the unknown soldier. This is a fraternity school, peopled largely by fraternity "men" and "women."

Among the wax-doll collegians, with their puny smart cracks and age-worn banalities, I see another youth, son of a different fold, of a world that is real and foundationed; that will always remain so. He is a freshman from the farm lands, a wistful follower of the Abe Lincoln tradition, which for the past half-century has drawn the cream of American farm youth away from the farm.

With this one the feel of earth stays. He is loose-jointed and awkward in his rather shoddy blue suit. The knot in his tie shows painstaking ineptitude. His shoes are uncomfortably new and cheaply shiny. Still he is a beautiful figure, youthful, virile and clean. His features show strength along with naïveté; they tell of the invincible hopes and dreamings of a great race of pioneers. But I can not place him as a collegian. I feel a sentimental urge to speak to him, to beseech that he not change to a wax-doll collegian, to plead with him to go back to the earth that brought him forth; to go back again to the wind and rain and sunlight; to work fields, or teach a crossroads school, to do tribute direct to the world that gave him forth.

Then I reflect that he is an American come to partake of an institution fully approved by the vast weight of national belief and tradition; that he comes of the millions who make the tax-supported university possible; that at least ethically his presence is justified.

In the registrar's office, I find that department enrolments typify a national situation. Colleges of engineering and agriculture show heavy losses of students, while the college of arts and science, home of academic abstraction, shows conservative gains. The slump in

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the college of agriculture is even more emphatic than the quieting technical pulse. Indeed it is indicative of nearing collapse. This university represents a State eighty per cent rural, yet its college of agriculture enrolls only about nine per cent of the student body and gives convincing records that it has virtually abandoned the bucolic habit of turning out farmers.

Colleges of engineering and business administration, for years publicized for the practical, applicable value of their degrees, together claim less than twenty-two per cent of the total of students. As the world collegiate begins a none-too-graceful egress from the briar-patch of technical learning dedicated to an unguided and wholesale increase in all manner of physical production, the student trade clamors more and more for learning of the intangibles, for the classics, for social and political theory, for subjects and courses that give promise of mental life and cleanliness, rather than industrial or commercial applicability.

This, at least, is my own interpretation of what I learn from the registrar. It suggests that the State university is following student demand rather than leading or directing it. Yet a reading of the curricula suggests that the university is following in a very much muddled way, still cluttered with the bootstrap-lifting technique of the dead 'Twenties and the platitudes of high capital that is no longer high.

For example, I notice records of a course in corporation finance that had eleven students; a course in butter-making with two, a course in mechanical design with five, a course in tool sharpening with three. Then I notice a course in the history of art with eighty-three; a course in sociology with ninety-one, and a course in Grecian philosophy with sixty-three. Perhaps, of course, the departments of art, philosophy and sociology have the more able recruiting services. But this is a local phenomenon, and the trend is definitely national. Maybe in spite of itself the university is coming to house a new America; is deliberately choosing a way towards intellectual beauty, rather than fatter bank accounts. Indeed, possibly the fops and belles there in the hallway are more than wax-doll collegians.

I reflect again upon matters of unfoundationed materialism. On the intake side, as well as in expenditures, the State university shows remarkable inconsistency. In my State, as in many others, statute law names the university an integral part of the free school system. This fact intimates that the collection of registration and matriculation fees from bona fide citizen students is illegal. But there is no positive judiciary ruling to this effect, and so the university continues to collect its fees, statutes be damned. These fees, frequently increased, remain even though flood, drought and destitution have molested the clientele, even through the trough of world depression.

IV

I go from the college into the town, which I have every reason for calling a typical college town. I mull over the economic and cultural scope of higher learning. All logic of numbers directs that it should have such scope. American colleges and universities now in operation number at least 554. Of these 416 are supported wholly or principally by public monies. Each year these plants graduate some 125,000 citizens, about 75,000 of them men, 50,000 women. Each year they hold enrolments of about 1,000,000 American youths for

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whose intellectual or practical betterment they expend over half a billion dollars. They own tax-free grounds and properties valued at more than $2,000,000,000, plus endowments totaling some $1,250,000,000—from a few hundred dollars each to better than a hundred million dollars each. They range in enrolment from ten students at Gooding College, Idaho, to Columbia's 37,800. They employ more than 125,000 faculty members whose numbers are perpetuated with some 17,000 graduate degrees a year.

But I am speaking of one American university, which I believe fairly typical of a working majority of the 554. I am speaking of one college town out of the nation's 300 distinctly college towns. I use the word "typical" in good faith, knowing that colleges and universities generally have been shaped into one of the most standardized of American institutions, and that their vast expenditures of wealth, influence and attention should surely be reflected in the communities in which they are corporeally located.

A majority of American universities and colleges are located in towns of between 2,000 and 30,000 people; are the principal landmark of those towns, and so justify the designation college towns. What is more, many of the colleges and universities located in larger cities are surrounded by distinctly collegiate suburbs, which absorb so much of the atmosphere and ear-markings of the higher education plant, that they become college towns placed within cities.

But the college town of which I write is decidedly average. It has a population of about 8,500 and is a county seat, old and long-organized. The university is its outstanding resource. Therefore this town should be typical of the generality of college towns which altogether make up a substantial part of America's community life.

Therefore, I study its squares and crowds and businesses, and ponder upon the university's influences, both cultural and economic. Certainly there should be such influences. The university's home is here. The town is enduring residence for faculty and executives, and through it passes the unending caravan of college students.

In matters of mechanical consumption and accoutrements the college town is conservative and commonplace. The assessed valuation of its real property is $1,900,000. It has three banks and a building and loan association with combined deposits of $3,928,000 in about 9,000 accounts of which 3,917 are local. It has seven factories with products valued at $400,000 yearly. It has fifteen churches, all of them poor. It has three motion picture houses with a total of 2,250 seats; six bus lines and one railroad; three hotels with a total of 160 rooms; one daily and one weekly newspaper.

It has two public hospitals, seven public grade schools, two public high schools, a private business college. It has thirty-six miles of city streets, twenty-three miles of them paved, two fire trucks, four policemen, a 172-acre airport. The number of shops is unreasonably large. Minor entrepreneurs, frequently disregarding competition, open shops in ever increasing numbers, hoping that they may squeeze out a living while putting their sons and daughters through college. Therefore an excessively high ratio of employers tends to reduce the number of available jobs and to diminish wages.

The town has barely three hundred laborers. There is one loose-jointed

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workman's federation but no union labor. The telephone, the gas and electric companies, other corporate employers and the university are traditionally opposed to unions. Wages for skilled workers average about forty cents an hour; wages for unskilled workers still hover in the neighborhood of twenty cents. Almost unanimous NRA membership on the part of business houses has raised the wage level about ten per cent. But it still stays well below the average, due essentially, as I see it, to the fact that the university, normally the largest single employer, persists in skimping excessively in labor payroll.

Salaries, outside the university faculty, are proportionately even lower than wages. Although NRA membership is practically unanimous, I can find no sure proof that this resource problematic has bettered salaries to any measurable degree. In the town of 8,500, about sixty merchants, proprietors, salesmen, or property owners pay Federal income taxes, as against seventeen salaried workers, six of whom are employed by out-of-State corporations. University salaries are, per statute, income tax-exempt.

But on the whole, salaries outside the university are far below sectional averages. Bank clerks are likely to draw from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week. Salesmen in clothing stores apparently average about five dollars' weekly salary with commissions that rarely pull the total earnings above fourteen dollars. Part-time employment is prevalent. I know of hardware, clothing and shoe clerks who, although well qualified, because of drastically reduced work hours actually earn less than eight dollars a week.

Commercially speaking, the presence of a university represents a noticeable wedge in the town's business life. A minor share of the shops, about fourteen in all, cater exclusively to collegiate trade. Faculty trade is usually prospering trade, but student trade is highly variable and not dependably reliable during close times. College students, sometimes extravagant buyers, are not averagely dependable customers.

Bankruptcy records show that a majority of collegiate caterers do not profit; that student credit, practically mandatory, is their most pernicious stumbling block. Among eleven exclusively collegiate caterers whom I know, seven have gone into bankruptcy during the past five years, two have struggled and floundered, and only two have definitely prospered. Perhaps this minor saga tends to typify the collegiate trade flow. University trade is rather definitely segregated from the run of common trade, and productively speaking the town stays basically a centre of country trade.

During the past four years student consumption of merchandise has fallen markedly—from medium-to-high, to medium-to-cheap. But faculty standards of consumption of clothing, food and mechanics stay in the brackets of high medium. I find, for example, that about eighty per cent of faculty families own and operate automobiles; that 164 faculty families support 141 radios and about ninety electric refrigerators, whereas only thirty-eight of them own homes or real property in the town, albeit their living standards are definitely above prevailing levels; likewise their recreational expenditures.

V

However jumbled and befogged it may be, the material economic place of the university in the life of its town is more discernible and more convincing

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than are its more touted cultural or intellectual resources.

For example, this college town has never been able to support a general book shop. Study of lending files of the university's library indicates that faculty members do not read as much or as variedly as do a like number of university students. Strangely enough, study of the local public library strongly suggests that the run of townsmen read about as much as do the collegians—outside of routine texts. Collegiate magazine trade centres largely into four lanes; the five-cent weeklies, the "pulps," journals of alleged confession and those of sugar-coated risqué-ness.

The university offers no sustained market for painting, sculpturing or other art creation and there seems to be no convincing support for the contention that its presence materially stimulates consumption of art, literature or journalism.

In matters of local leadership, the university's place is not impressive. As a matter of policy the university's faculty of economics and business administration rubs elbows with the local Chamber of Commerce and indeed one chemistry professor with an outstanding flare for treatises on a scientist's interpretation of Jesus Christ served as president of the Chamber of Commerce for several years. About one-fourth of the Rotary membership are faculty members, and aromas of the academy also prevail within the Lion's Club and within social caperings of the churches.

But, speaking broadly, churches of the town impress me as being far more closely in step with their contributing clientele, and with the ranks they would lead, than is the university. In a somewhat variable way, the churches still belong to the town—its society, aspirations and bank accounts—whereas the university, viewed critically, does not.

Nor does the university's resource of youth seem to add greatly to its social virility. On the whole its students represent a decidedly conservative and orthodox population, dipping occasionally into an unconventionality so very strained that it tends only to glorify convention. So far as the toil-burdened, habitually mute, taxpaying public is concerned such a temper is assuredly not one of leadership, or even of interest-rousing.

So the university waits in its strangely improbable world—mercenary but abstract; routined—all but lock-stepped—in its technique of administration, grazing within the vague meadows that seem to separate mind and matter.

But the university town is but a lifting from the world of every-day. Its realm is one of flesh and blood, of the commonplace, of the proven and the disproven, of a sustaining reality that belongs neither to the economist, nor the poet, nor the philosopher, but rather to the aggregate America of everyday and grade. Therefore the university remains superimposed upon its town, persistently insolvent, uncompromisingly foreign.

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Credit Ratings with the Lord

By Charles Magee Adams

If true Christian principles are necessary to restore business equilibrium, the church ought surely to apply them in its own business affairs

Since the depression engulfed these more or less United States, the church has come to the front as the militant champion of a new and better economic order. That, of course, is commendable consistency. Lofty ethical principles are only fine phrases until they are translated into the realities of every-day living. But many laymen, who cling perversely to the once honored custom of thinking for themselves, are wondering if it is not high time that the church suited practice to precept, even to applying its teachings to the conduct of its own financial affairs.

If this seems ecclesiastical treason, not to mention scoffing impiety, consider the facts. From their pulpits, the more alert preachers are proclaiming that the only sure solution of our economic difficulties is the fearless application of religious teachings. Yet the fiscal structure of the church rests—albeit shakily—on a "system" of financing patterned brazenly after the "business philosophy" which brought our troubles crashing down upon us.

It should be added at once that this indictment—and it is a grave indictment—does not come from an outsider, perched "in the seat of the scornful." The writer is a church member of nearly twenty-five years' standing, during most of which time he has served as an officer in one capacity or another. So his perhaps heretical criticism represents first-hand experience, plus a sufficient comparing of notes with lay brethren in other sections to afford grounds for reasonably valid conclusions.

Viewed from a world perspective, the fiscal feature which distinguishes the American church from those of many other countries is its nominal support by voluntary contribution. The Constitution forbids the establishment of a state religion; hence, the church can not be financed by taxation, as has been the case in so much of Europe. But when one attempts to match "voluntary contribution" with the facts, the result is another of those familiar disparities between theory and practice.

As a concrete example of church financing in fact, let me outline the situation which exists in a representative small town: representative, particularly for present purposes, because, numerically, small towns and small town churches are still in the preponderant majority, despite our swollen cities.

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II

The town (to forestall any pleading of exceptions, it is distinctly not a "backwash" community) has the usual quota of churches and retail business establishments. And the connection between the two is far more substantial than a conjunction. In short, following a "system" which seems to be national in scope, each merchant and shopkeeper contributes handsomely and regularly to the support of, not merely the particular church to which he may belong, but all churches.

The method by which this is accomplished is infallibility itself. As frequently as the competition of the others will permit, each church stages a money-raising affair of one sort or another. In winter the prime dollar-getter is a supper; in summer, a lawn fête. Winter and summer, markets, bake sales, bazaars and entertainments follow one another in dizzy succession. Scarcely a week goes by without some such money-raising affair being pushed to energetic completion. More often than not, too, these church-auspicated ventures are in direct competition with the established business enterprises on which several score of the town's families depend—and precariously these days—for their living. But let that pass, for the moment.

The chief point is that every merchant and shopkeeper is expected to patronize the churches' money-raising affairs. He may loathe a tepid, ill-balanced supper, and hence not go even though he buys a ticket (which makes solicitors covet him as an A-1 prospect). He knows that advertising in an entertainment programme is worthless. And he may have no interest whatever in the chance of winning a quilt (not in a lottery, of course; the ticket plainly states that the price is a "donation"). Nevertheless he must buy if he expects to stay in business.

Not—spare the thought—that anything as crude as a boycott will be invoked if he does not. The lady solicitor registers nothing more hostile than pained disappointment at his refusal. But, somehow, the word speedily reaches her good sisters that Mr. So-and-so will not "support our worthy cause," and, as inexplicably, their trade goes to his competitors.

So the veteran merchant more or less philosophically considers these "contributions" as an item of routine overhead, just as he does rent, taxes and insurance. Their amount varies roughly with his apparent prosperity. But during the course of a year his "generosity" represents a total that would be astonishing to any one not familiar with the situation. Sometimes, indeed, the sum equals his real estate taxes. And certainly the payment is as unescapable.

It may be, in fact often is, argued that all this is quite legitimate; that since the church is an indisputable community asset, attracting a desirable type of resident and making for moral stability, the business man should assume his full share of its support, just as he does that of the public schools through taxation. And that contention has its points. But at its best such a line of reasoning is the flimsiest justification for the ethics of a "system" which levies tribute little less surely, if in more refined fashion, than the "racket."

Granted, "racket" is an ugly word. It is doubly repugnant when brought into a discussion of an institution which stands—and sincerely—at the opposite moral pole. But the circumstance that the lady ticket-peddler is prompted by

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the most devout of motives (rationalized or not) can not dissolve the hard fact of duress.

Yet, as thousands of merchants can testify, this highly developed form of tribute-levying goes on from coast to coast, and in the name of an institution which champions the loftiest ethical principles. As a grim commentary on practice versus precept, it is too obvious to need elaboration.

And if nothing else, the fact that the church engages regularly in business for money-raising purposes places its outspoken leaders in an exceedingly awkward position. Long before the depression these leaders were preaching the gospel of economic justice. Since the NRA came into being they have hailed its codes of fair competition as a long step toward commercial decency. Yet the church's calloused competition with established business is manifestly unfair, a clear violation of the spirit and frequently even the letter of the codes. Particularly when its financial survival is dubious, the business community can not remain unmindful of that, with consequences to the church's influence in its appointed sphere which are unhappy to say the least.

III

It may be pointed out that the situation I have been sketching exists chiefly in small towns, and that metropolitan centres are comparatively free from this petty ecclesiastical racketeering. By and large, that is true, because the greater size and looser contacts of urban communities minimize the duress element. But I think it is also true that, regardless of community size, many of the church's money-raising practices by "voluntary contribution" will scarcely stand fearless inspection.

For reasons all too redolent of human frailty, a profound—to the uninitiate, even startling—change comes over the typical church governing body when its attention shifts from the imponderables of the spirit to the stern actuality of finance. The zealots, flaming idealists, humble worshipers fade into the background; and the "practical men," "able executives," "efficiency experts" take matters into their eminently competent hands. The problem to be solved is not one of receiving sufficient contributions from a congregation of cheerful givers (despite the divine favor in which they are held), but one of "getting the money." And to this cannily realistic end the manifold devices so dear to the hearts of 'Twenty-niners are brought assiduously into play.

The usual every-member canvass is a revealing case in point. Nominally, teams are sent out on a designated day each year to facilitate the pledging of contributions by members. But in the really "efficient" church the canvassers are trained in the fine art of "getting all the traffic will bear." Approach, overcoming sales resistance, and "selling up" are familiar tools of their technique.

Unfortunately, more and more often of late, "voluntary" pledges made under such a spell can not be met. Then the "follow-up squad" swings into action. By means of form letters and visiting committees the delinquent "contributor" is made to feel that he is not only "chiseling" on the Lord, but jeopardizing his credit rating. If that does not get the results, his name is dropped from the active rolls of "businesslike" churches, with the not always veiled suggestion that this endangers his salvation.

Such "giving" is, of course, for routine operating expenses. When a church

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puts on a drive for "important" money, for example, a building fund, the "high-pressure boys" really come into their own.

Most of the principal denominations maintain more or less organized staffs of "specialists" who can be sent into a field to general such a big financial push, and a host of "free lances" are also available (in either case, at a price). Compared with them, the every-member canvasser is a hopeless duffer. They blend the suavity of a bond salesman with the crusading fervor of the old-time evangelist. Mass psychology is their handmaiden; "feed 'em first" and "keep up with the Joneses" just a few dicta in their shrewd lexicon.

Since their remuneration is based on the gross amount pledged (usually, and significantly, payable when pledges are made, not paid), many a church recovers from such a spree of "giving" to find itself with a safeful of pledges whose fulfilment is exceedingly dubious. But the "specialists" take care of that embarrassing contingency. Pledges are often phrased in such a way that they are promissory notes which can—or could in pre-depression days—be discounted at a bank, thereby frightening the light-hearted "giver" into a proper respect for his obligation.

A moment ago I mentioned the "businesslike" practice of dropping financial delinquents from active membership rolls. An adroit refinement of this sheds further light on the market-place attitude of the church toward money.

In many denominations (and how tragically many there are!), the cost of central administration is assessed against the component congregations according to the number of their communicants. So, in the "better managed" flocks it is the thrifty custom to pare down membership rolls to the bone shortly before the date when noses are to be counted for assessment purposes, leaving only those members with unsullied financial records. Several devices are utilized to that highly practical end, such as the transfer of names to reserve or inactive rolls, and at the discretion of the local governing body. Then, after the assessment date has passed and a showing of thin ranks has been made, the Christian soldiers temporarily withdrawn from the front line (often without their knowledge) are restored to good standing. I know of one large urban church where as much as a third of the membership has been shuttled back and forth after this fetching fashion.

This "smart" practice bears a striking resemblance to certain within-the-law maneuvers associated with the income tax. And if that is any justification, it must be said that denominational assessments are high enough to court avoidance.

IV

With the notorious tenacity of bureaucracies, an administrative machinery inherited from the oxcart era persists in most denominations. Three and sometimes four tiers of higher government are superimposed on local congregations, with an ingenious pyramiding that would do credit to holding company practice. And each tier is staffed with boards and officials whose pay swells the cost. In one case, for example, the resulting overhead (exclusive of benevolences, moreover) amounts to twenty-five per cent of the pastor's salary, in return for which the congregation receives services most of which can best be described by the army term, "paper work."

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Not that this costly superstructure is useless from a sternly practical standpoint. The staff officers and strategy boards of the church's high command are not immune to the "good business" bacillus. In fact, one of their chief duties is to spur the rank and file to mightier deeds on the financial front, not only through the channels integral with the central administration, but also the host of semi-independent agencies which cluster around it, much as commissions do around the Federal authority. And to the end of "bigger and better budgets" they freely appropriate the standard "go-getter" technique.

For instance, one widely used device is the sales manager's old reliable, the quota system. A local group or society with national affiliations is assigned a certain financial goal for the year. And, by means of printed inspiration plus "flying squad" contacts, the vital importance of attaining the objective is duly stressed. Then, when the sum is raised, the quota for the next year is increased enough to keep the local workers "on their toes." If this ante is met, the quota for the succeeding year is hiked again. Of course, after several such doses the stimulant loses its "kick," and the "burned children" carefully refrain from meeting their quota. But while it lasts the intoxication of record-breaking tinkles central office cash registers at a merry clip.

The benevolence side of the contribution envelope offers a kindred opportunity for the "go-getter" contingent. In many denominations benevolence funds forwarded from individual congregations are apportioned by a central authority among the various projects supported nationally, just as community chest funds are allocated to respective charities. But latterly an improvement on this eminently sound arrangement has been devised.

Individual churches are permitted to designate the particular project to which their benevolence funds shall go. The commendable theory behind this is to arouse a more direct giver interest in such far-away enterprises as missions. Practice, however, is something else not so edifying. It has subjected local churches to a bombardment of "sales letters," not to mention personal solicitation whenever the worthy cause is within striking distance; in short, a *laissez-faire* scramble, governed by the ennobling sportsmanship of cutthroat competition.

And the money-raising genius of the high command is not confined to adults. Adopting the empirical "catch 'em young" philosophy of commerce, it has set nationally organized children's societies to garnering the pennies and nickels which take care of the dollars. Moreover, children are adjured to follow the enlightened practice of their elders. The result is to loose a swarm of youthful ticket peddlers and "donation" beggars on the community, a competition from which the brazen brat who will not take "no" for an answer emerges as the shining star.

The character consequences of this are too dismally evident. Yet they are only indicative of what the church's "practical" attitude toward money is doing to the institution, its unquestioning supporters and the cause of religion itself.

V

If it was ever in doubt, it has become unescapably clear during the past decade that the philosophy to which religion is diametrically opposed is materialism: the covetous exaltation of things, which

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is the antithesis of spiritual values. That is not merely my opinion. The issue has been stated by leaders of all faiths, so repeatedly and forcefully that it stands out as the common thesis on which representative Protestants, Catholics and Jews are united. Yet in the decisive test of money, the church—which is the hands and feet of religion—reveals itself as frankly, even cynically, materialistic. It should be unnecessary to add that this discrepancy between "what I do and what I say" is working incalculable damage to the cause of religion.

Since the depression began, much has been made of the fact that people have been turning to the church, hungrily seeking transcendent verities that will make sense of a world "gone haywire." Much should be made of that. But another side of the picture, less widely publicized, is the number of people who have forsaken the church during the depression because of its grimly practical attitude toward money.

I am not speaking of those who habitually "get from under," or even those who have been made over-sensitive to money by the want of it. I am thinking of people who believed that the church is one place where money is not the yardstick of the individual's acceptability, only to find that it sets as much store by the dollar-sign as most "well managed" enterprises. Any one in touch with the situation can confirm that thousands of men and women have withdrawn from church organizations and societies, even the church itself, because the dinning insistence on "contributions" has made them feel that their inability to pay their way reduces them to the slacker status.

It is true, to be sure, that the depression has put the church in desperate need of money (though, ironically, much of this need stems from the same headlong financing which toppled our commercial structure; I know, for example, of one congregation which boasts an impressive edifice costing $280,000, mortgaged for the grotesque sum of $240,000). Even so, if the church is something more than a fraternal order, a country club, a recreation centre, or a culture group (and I cling to the perhaps quaint conviction that it is), it must of implicit necessity make money its servant, not its master.

In any event, the glib excuse that "the end justifies the means" must go. There, a deluded rationalization of its money-raising practices, you have the most ominous if insidious threat to the church's usefulness. Obviously, the loftiest of ends never justifies means which are dubious. Yet the complacent vacuity, "Oh well, it's for a good cause," runs through discussions of church financing like a dismal refrain, as if, by some hocus-pocus, it can whitewash practices which business, at its best, will not tolerate. The church can not continue to lean on such a broken reed if it is to champion a code of ethics higher than that of the battlefield.

Naturally, too, this gelatinous position on finance colors the individual's philosophy. Perhaps the commonest evidence of that is "buck-passing." When an organization or society assumes the obligation of raising a given sum of money, it virtuously regards the amount as its own giving. Actually, under the accepted "system" much of the sum is the contribution of outsiders who, for social or personal reasons, feel impelled to yield to the "donation" pressure of the organization's members. In short, the society's obligation is neatly diverted to the community at large; a practice which, by cumulative

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stages, breeds collective and even individual shirking.

And—the final ironic note—notwithstanding all the mad scramble, the petty devices which are resorted to in the name of "efficient" ecclesiastical financing, the fact remains that the backlog of most church budgets is genuine giving, much of it—touchingly—of the sacrificial sort. Any church treasurer who knows his congregation intimately can verify that. Even without the spur of quotas and the magic of salesmanship, many—I should say the majority—of church members actually give. Among other things, this explodes the fallacy of much so-called thinking about church finance.

"You have to give them something for their money," runs the hard-headed defense of such devices as suppers and professional entertainments, which return only a part (sometimes a painfully small part) of the "donor's" outlay to the church. The answer is that they not only will but do give, and in spite of a "system" which discourages giving.

To make the case complete, I know of at least one church which puts sufficient faith in what it teaches to depend on true voluntary contributions for its entire support. The energies of its congregation are not dissipated on markets and bazaars. No every-member canvassers go out to "sell the church." Yet for decades, through not one but several depressions, its budget (running high into five figures, moreover) has been regularly and unostentatiously balanced by means of nothing more startling than the practice of reverent stewardship.

A quaint anachronism? Perhaps. On the other hand it may be only the forerunner of what may become the general rule. For regarded in an impartial—albeit impious—light, this much seems clear. If the church is to be a spiritual force of sufficient power to cope with materialism, it must bring its financial practices into line with its teachings. The alternative (not a remote possibility, either) is secularization, the withering of vital, life-quickening religion into a "pretty philosophy."

And the responsibility for this momentous choice, I should say, rests primarily on laymen. For they, not the clergy, have fathered and are perpetuating the grotesque "system" which is putting the church in such an impossible position.

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Switzerland Is Next

By G. E. W. Johnson

If Hitler succeeds in his designs with Austria, the little "league of nations" will be his next goal, and peace will be nearly hopeless

Many nations are watching, with emotions that vary from mild interest to deep concern, the slugging contest that is now being waged between the two Austrian-born Chancellors, Hitler the "little corporal" of Berlin and Dollfuss the "Millimetternich" of Vienna, to decide whether or not Germany is to eat Austria for breakfast. No nation, however, is following every wild uppercut and foul blow with a more acute anxiety than Switzerland. The Swiss are rooting for Austria, for they have a shrewd suspicion that if Austria is served up for breakfast, it will be Switzerland's turn to furnish the lunch.

This belief is founded upon the unbridled propagation of certain fundamental tenets of National Socialist ideology. The Nazis are tirelessly indoctrinating the German people with the notion that they must regard their nationhood as inhering, not in the concept of *Deutschland* (Germany), but in that of *Deutschtum* ("Germandom"). By the latter term is meant the community of German-speaking peoples. The essence of Hitler's foreign policy is to be found in the thesis that the boundaries of *Deutschland* must be pushed out in all directions so as to coincide as far as possible with those of *Deutschtum*. Of all the slogans of Hitlerism, the one most pregnant with the seeds of a new war is the frenzied cry that appears on the first page of Hitler's autobiography, "Common blood must belong to a common Reich!" It is in virtue of this principle that the Nazi orators make a point of stressing that they voice the aspirations not alone of the sixty-five million Germans who live in *Deutschland*, but of the eighty million "Germans" who comprise *Deutschtum*.

The blatant manner in which these sentiments have been broadcast from the rooftops—though the Nazis are indeed a little more cautious in these days—has sent cold shivers up and down the spine of every European country that has a substantial German-speaking element in its population—that is to say, of practically every nation on the Continent. It is obvious that in the lands where Germandom is a minority the swastika standard can be planted only by waging a victorious war; but though Germany may already be in the mood, she will be in no condition to unsheathe the sword until such time as the Nazis have once again clothed with the flesh

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of military might the skeleton of the past which they have exhumed from the Garrison Church at Potsdam. In the meantime, the Nazis are not idle. Like a restless swarm of termites, they are striving, by boring from within, to undermine the independence of the regions inhabited by a German-speaking majority. There are four such places: the Free City of Danzig, the Saar, Austria and Switzerland. If these territories can be brought within the Nazi orbit by means of "peaceful" propaganda depicting the beauties of German racial unity, it will be a moral triumph of incalculable value to Hitler, and will swell the ranks of his legions when the hour comes to appeal to the god of battles.

In Danzig and the Saar it is quite obvious that such propaganda has swept everything before it. At present, the Nazis are fully preoccupied with the task of breaking the back of Chancellor Dollfuss's resistance to their seige. If their efforts are crowned with success, whither will their gaze turn next? The logic of the situation points to Switzerland. They will be free to devote their undivided attention to the German community in that country and, by the use of artifices which will have been proved effective in Austria, to endeavor to suck it into the swirling vortex of the Hitlerite maelstrom.

II

The Nazis reinforce their pretensions, based on kinship of blood and speech, to incorporate Switzerland within a Greater Germany, by an appeal to the historic past. In the Middle Ages, the region now comprising Switzerland formed a part of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation—the first of the three Reichs of which Hitler's régime is accounted the Third. From the mountainous nature of the country, wherein the Rhine finds its source, Switzerland was then commonly known as Upper Germany. The Swiss like to date their independence from August 1, 1291, when the inhabitants of the three original districts or cantons formed an Everlasting League to resist the exactions of the Habsburg Emperors; but it was not until 1648 that Switzerland's independence of the Empire was formally recognized by the treaties of Westphalia.

When Bismarck founded the second German Empire in 1871, it was confined within much narrower limits than the old Holy Empire. This state of affairs did not satisfy the *Grossdeutschland* or Greater Germany party, which aspired to bring under Germany's sway all the territories that had once acknowledged the writ of the Holy Empire. Bismarck, however, forbore attempting to annex Austria and Switzerland; he had his hands full as it was with the task of consolidating Prussia's hegemony over the other German states, not all of which were happy in their new allegiance. In conformity with this self-denying ordinance, the King of Prussia had already in 1857 renounced his hereditary though nominal sovereignty over the principality of Neuchâtel, one of the cantons of the Swiss Confederation.

With the coming of the Third Reich, however, restraint has been cast to the winds, and the more ardent Nazis make no bones about preaching the doctrines of Pan-Germanism in their most extravagant form. In passages generously splashed with imperial purple, they proclaim their resolve to expand Germany's boundaries to the farthest limits of the old Holy Empire, and even beyond. One of the most blustering and

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withal one of the frankest expressions of the Nazi sentiment toward Switzerland has emanated from the bellicose Professor Ewald Banse of Brunswick. When the German-Swiss Philological Society protested against an exposition of German claims to Switzerland contained in a geographical textbook written by Dr. Banse, he retorted to the stricture in the familiar hectoring style of Nazi invective: "One is indeed filled with shame that there are offshoots of German blood who do not consider the fact that they speak German as proof that they belong to the German people! Quite naturally we count you Swiss as offshoots of the German nation (along with the Dutch, the Flemings, the Lorrainers, the Alsatians, the Austrians and the Bohemians). And I hope that you will one day see fulfilled the prophecy of our K. F. Meyer (I say 'our,' because you are not worthy of him): 'Patience: the day approaches when a single tent will shelter the German people. Patience: one day we will group ourselves around a single banner, and whosoever shall wish to separate us, we will exterminate!'"

It is because they can see the hungry jaws of Hitler's Germany dripping with these inordinate appetites that the Swiss —particularly the French- and Italian-Swiss, who are naturally more alive to the menace than their German-speaking compatriots—are hoping and praying that Austria will be able to resist the terrific pressure to which she is being subjected. As long as Austria stands, Switzerland is safe. The moment that Austria succumbs to the Nazi boa constrictor, Switzerland is marked for the next victim to be strangled in the toils. On September 12 the *Journal de Genève*, the most influential organ of French-Swiss opinion, published a dispatch from its correspondent at Berne, the Federal capital, which reflected without disguise the anxiety of the Swiss Government: "The attitude of Berlin toward Vienna proves to us that Hitlerism is an article of export; all that we learn of the sentiments of the new masters of the Reich confirms the belief that, for the moment at least, Swiss independence counts for no more beyond the Rhine than does Austrian autonomy. No one need therefore be astonished if Swiss opinion remains agitated and anxious in the presence of the evolution of the Third Reich."

III

Switzerland's most striking and significant contribution to civilization has been her demonstration that communities speaking French, German and Italian, while all preserving in their autonomous cantons their distinctive traditions and languages, can nevertheless live harmoniously together in a federal union cemented by a common respect for each other's rights. Throughout the Nineteenth Century the spirit of nationalism, sweeping through Europe like a prairie fire, drew together by apparently irresistible attraction peoples of a common mother tongue, and divided them by watertight compartments from those who were not of the same speech. Almost alone among the nations, Switzerland remained immune to the infective virus of Pan-This and Pan-That. There is no fact at once more astonishing and more inspiring than that during the War, although completely surrounded by belligerent powers—Germany to the north, Italy to the south, German-speaking Austria to the east, and France to the west—three communities speaking the languages of their neighbors and cherishing the same

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cultural traditions, but living on the other side of a boundary line, remained at peace with one another and with the warring nations. As long as Switzerland endures on its present basis, it prefigures in miniature as a concrete reality that era of good-will among the peoples to which idealists are so eternally and apparently so vainly aspiring.

It is therefore a most disquieting phenomenon that in this unique commonwealth signs of dissension along linguistic lines have made their appearance which, if not checked in the bud, may blossom into a serious menace to Switzerland's continued survival as an independent nation. The startling success of Hitlerite ideas and methods in Germany was not long in evoking a sympathetic response in German-Switzerland, as in all the other communities of *Auslanddeutschtum* ("Outland Germandom"). "The waves of the National Socialist revolution in Germany," warns the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, the leading German-Swiss newspaper, "are rolling, at least in the form of radio waves, even into our own land; and the nationalistic, anti-democratic and anti-liberal reorientation of a neighbor with whom Switzerland maintains such close relations raises for us the problem, the gravity of which must not be underestimated, of the spiritual defense of our country."

This editorial admonition was inspired by the overnight sprouting on Swiss soil, like so many mushrooms, of half a dozen factions infused in varying degree with Nazi ideology, spectacularly recommended as it was by Hitler's sudden accession to power. Making their appeal under a variety of names—the National Socialist Confederates, the National Front, the Federal Front, the New Switzerland movement, the "Ponocratic" Front—they bear witness to the ferment which is working among the younger generation of German-Swiss. Thus far the activity of these movements has been chiefly noticeable at Zurich, the largest city of Switzerland and the intellectual capital of the German-speaking part of the land. This city offers a particularly fertile soil for the propagation of Fascist ideas because of the long predominance of the Socialists, which has earned for Zurich the nickname of the "Red Citadel." The youth of the middle classes, despairing of ousting the Socialists through the medium of the old-line parties, have turned to factions that promise the attainment of this end by violent means.

Of these factions, the most extreme is the League of National Socialist Confederates, led by Theodor Fischer, an architect of Zurich. They accept the doctrines of Hitlerism without reserve, consider themselves a branch of the German Nazi party, and disseminate the Pan-German racial doctrine that Switzerland must be incorporated into the "fatherland." They diligently devote themselves to the task of sowing the seeds of ill-will and antagonism between the German- and French-Swiss by stigmatizing Switzerland as a "vassal state of France under Jewish control" and hailing Hitler as a German hero who will "liberate us from our spiritual servility." Their display of the swastika flag and other Hitlerite emblems has been the occasion of several riotous clashes with Socialists and Communists.

However, the Fascist group which has attracted to itself the largest following is the Fighting League of the National Front, alternatively styled the "Iron Brooms." It accepts Hitlerism in almost unmitigated form, rejecting only the Pan-German doctrine that Switzer-

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land must be annexed to the Reich. Its object is to establish a Hitlerite state, but to do so without impairment of Swiss independence. Its members distinguish themselves from the Nazis by shouting the old Swiss cry of "*Harus*" instead of "*Heil*," and giving the Fascist salute in somewhat different style from that practised by the Nazis. They held their first great mass meeting, from which hundreds had to be turned away, at Zurich in April of last year. Colonel Emil Sonderegger expounded their programme in a typical Hitlerite harangue. He castigated the Jews, Free Masons and Marxists. He demanded protection for the middle classes against capitalist exploitation. The workers must be redintegrated in the national camp. The naturalization of Jews must be prohibited, and those who had recently entered Switzerland (presumably refugees from the Hitlerite terror in Germany) must be expelled. Parliament must be abolished and absolute power vested in a president to be elected by the people.

IV

The news of this gathering excited no little disquiet among the French- and Italian-Swiss. What especially disturbed them was the proposal that the Federal Parliament be abolished and supreme power vested in the President, who, under the existing constitution, is elected by the Parliament and exercises strictly limited powers, being little more than the chairman of the Federal Council or cabinet. The suggested innovation is interpreted as a demand for a highly centralized state in which the autonomy of the cantons would be subverted.

It may be well to digress for a moment to cast a glance at the fundamental principles of Swiss polity. Just as the United States is a union of forty-eight sovereign States, so Switzerland is a confederation of twenty-two sovereign cantons. The cantons retain all powers not expressly surrendered to the Federal Government. Again following the example of the United States, the rights of the smaller cantons are safeguarded by granting to each of them, irrespective of population, two members in the upper house (the States' Council) of the Federal Parliament; the membership of the lower house (the National Council) is elected on the basis of proportional representation.

In most federal unions, the balance between the rival concepts of states' rights and centralization seems to be weighted on the side of centralization. This tendency has been quite marked in the United States ever since the Civil War; in Germany, Hitler has leaped at one bound from a decentralized Reich of seventeen autonomous states to a polity which makes of the Reich a single completely coördinated "totalitarian" state. The appearance of such a tendency in their midst is viewed with dread by the French- and Italian-Swiss, for in a centralized Switzerland they would be minorities at the mercy of the German-speaking majority. Of Switzerland's population of four millions, German is the mother tongue of 2,860,000, French of 850,000, Italian of a quarter million, and other languages or dialects of the remainder. It is thus seen that the German-Swiss comprise seventy per cent of the total. Of the twenty-two cantons, the Germans possess a majority in sixteen, the French in five, and the Italians in only one. The federal constitution puts all three languages upon an equal footing, but most of the cantonal governments, with four exceptions, extend official recognition

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only to the language of the majority within their respective jurisdictions.

It is therefore natural that the French and Italian communities should feel that any menace to the autonomy of the cantons is a threat to the preservation of their language, their cultural heritage, and their communal integrity. In the anti-Semitic propaganda of most of the "Fronts," they detect a spirit of intolerance that is the very negation of their country and that might easily be transformed into a doctrine of the superiority of the "Nordic" German-Swiss over their "Latin" compatriots.

Spokesmen of the minority communities have been quick to discern the dire results to which the spread of Hitlerism would expose a multi-lingual country like Switzerland. One of the first to sound the tocsin of alarm was Dr. Jean Marie Musy, Minister of Finance, who delivered a notable speech at Geneva on May 10. M. Musy, a member of the Catholic Conservative party, is an ex-President of the Swiss Confederation and is the best known political leader among the French-Swiss. M. Musy exhorted his audience to the sacred task of protecting democracy against the peril with which demagogic agitation continually besets it. Loud applause greeted his ringing declaration that "Switzerland will either remain a democracy or cease to be Switzerland!" He gave warning that the numerous new "Fronts" which had cropped up so suddenly at Zurich had advanced proposals which, if realized, would inflict violent injury upon a tradition of many centuries and expose their country to the most serious dangers. "The racial ideal can never be the basis of Swiss nationality!"

Two days after M. Musy delivered his speech, the Federal Council, of which he is a member, approved a decree prohibiting the wearing of uniforms by political parties. The enactment of this law was an indication that the more sober elements among the German-Swiss, who naturally enjoy a majority in the Federal Government, had remained immune to the lure of the hooked cross. "The white cross on its red field [the Swiss flag] is good enough for us!" affirmed Dr. Heinrich Häberlin, Liberal Minister of Justice and a former President.

V

When the Swiss Independence Day was celebrated at Berne on August 1, the opportunity was appropriately seized by Dr. Giuseppe Motta to voice the fears of another of the Swiss minorities. Signor Motta is Minister of Foreign Affairs, political leader of the lone Italian canton of Ticino, and a former President. (It may be remarked in passing that as the Swiss chief executive serves a term of only one year, almost every politician in the country seems to be an ex-President.) After condemning the theory of the totalitarian state as exemplified by neighboring countries, Signor Motta posed this significant question to his predominantly German-speaking audience: "Suppose for a minute that our people had alienated their sovereign prerogatives to a small group of men . . . and that the languages of the minorities had been fettered in their expression in order to favor the dominant tongue; suppose, in short, that all parties had been suppressed save one alone, the Government party; should we be able to recognize in that description of the state, our Switzerland? Would this country still be our country? I do not know whether it would still retain its name, but I feel—and you

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all feel with me—that it would have ceased to be a democracy, that it would have altered its substance, changed its form, and lost every reason for its existence."

It does not require much perspicacity to read between the lines of Signor Motta's speech and to understand the nature of the danger which he foresaw —a danger which the discreet reticence enjoined by his official position precluded him from delineating in other than general terms. His appeal was obviously directed against such groups as the National Front, and he was warning his fellow-countrymen that, though these movements might not consciously be working to establish Hitler's sway over Switzerland, yet the successful enthronement of their dogmas would inevitably subserve the designs of the National Socialists. For if the members of the National Front should be victorious in their campaign to seize control of the Swiss Government and should seek to ride roughshod over their French and Italian compatriots, the latter would certainly cease to think of Switzerland as *their* country. In a desperate endeavor to preserve their cultural integrity, they would be moved to advocate secession and to plead for intervention by France and Italy. These two countries would be unlikely to remain deaf to the appeal. Under such circumstances, Germany, no doubt fulminating indignantly against French "aggression," would jump at the Heaven-sent excuse for horning in and demanding a lion's share of the spoils in the shape of the German-speaking cantons.

Such a critical situation might easily precipitate a war. The least that would be likely to happen would be a partition of Switzerland among the three powers. The little Swiss "league of nations" would disappear from the map. What would be the fate of the big League of Nations, with Germany a non-member and Italy lukewarm, is anybody's guess, but it would probably disintegrate likewise. Two of the world's most interesting experiments in fostering amity among peoples of diverse tongues, situated at opposite ends of the scale in respect of size, would go by the board, leaving the decks clear for the storm troops of blatant nationalism.

Subsequent developments in Italian-Switzerland have given point to Dr. Motta's warning. When Mussolini first marched into power over a decade ago, there were many ardent Fascists who regarded the Swiss canton of Ticino as a part of *Italia irredenta* and wished to act accordingly. Mussolini, however, put a stop to this agitation and allayed Swiss nervousness by the rather ambiguous statement that "Switzerland without Ticino would no longer be Switzerland." Although there has been a Swiss Fascist party on the Italian model in existence for many years, it made absolutely no progress and was practically carried under the hat of its founder, Colonel Arthur Fonjallaz, until the Hitlerite outburst among the German-Swiss provoked the spirit of emulation among their Italian compatriots. Recently the anxiety aroused by the Hitlerite ebullition in German-Switzerland has been intensified by a rapid spread of Fascist sentiment in Ticino. The Italian-Swiss Fascists do not as yet demand political union with Italy, but they pay homage to Mussolini as commander of the "international army of order against anarchy." Just as the Hitlerites see "Nordic" and "Aryan" Germany as the fount of all *Kultur*, so Colonel Fonjallaz, with perhaps more reason, pro-

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claims that "the whole of our civilization comes from Rome."

The disintegrating effect of these rival Fascisms upon Swiss unity does not need to be labored. "To what a pass will Switzerland come," laments the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, "when, among so many movements of political regeneration, some—in the German-speaking part of the land—look toward the north, others—in Ticino—toward Rome, and still others, perhaps tomorrow or the day after, toward Paris!"

VI

Despite the undisguised anxiety of the Swiss, the German Nazis have not desisted from making provocative utterances. The plea of Swiss public opinion that Hitler second Mussolini's declaration that Fascism is not an article of export by similarly setting limits to his campaign for the union of dolichocephalic blonds has fallen upon deaf ears. Indeed, what is in effect Hitler's categorical rejection of this plea is to be found in the speech which he delivered to the Reichstag on January 30 of this year, on the anniversary of his accession to power. Though maintaining a "correct" diplomatic attitude by disclaiming any aggressive intent, he none the less declared that "it is self-evident that an idea which has gripped and stirred to its depths the whole German nation will not halt at the frontier posts of a land which is German not only in its people but in its history as well, and which was for many centuries an integral part of the German Empire." Hitler was referring specifically to Austria, but his words are equally applicable to Switzerland.

From provocative words the Nazis have passed to provocative deeds, ominously similar to those which are directed with much greater frequency and virulence against Austria. There have been demonstrations uncomfortably close to the frontier. On August 13 of last year, Constance, just across the border, was the scene of a great National Socialist celebration, and Swiss opinion was much perturbed by the vociferous honors paid to a detachment of Brown Shirts from Switzerland. There have been several actual violations of the frontier. The most flagrant case occurred in the early morning of August 27, when a patrol of three Nazis raided Swiss territory, kidnapped a Czechoslovak citizen named Weber, who was accused of being a Communist smuggler and who had escaped from the German authorities, and dragged him off to a jail at Constance, leaving behind a trail of bloodstains and broken teeth. Weber was released by the German Government in response to a Swiss protest. On September 24, Nazi storm troops again trespassed upon Swiss territory in pursuit of some fugitives, and a Swiss frontier guard who sought to interfere with drawn pistol was set upon and forcibly disarmed. In consequence of these repeated transgressions, the Swiss border patrols have been doubled and the guards armed with loaded rifles.

On September 26, Dr. Motta thrashed out the Swiss grievances with Baron von Neurath and Dr. Goebbels, Reich Foreign and Propaganda Ministers respectively, who were then at Geneva in attendance at a League of Nations meeting. Dr. Goebbels exercised all the arts of his fluent and unscrupulous tongue to allay the fears of the Swiss Foreign Minister. "The Reich," he declared, "wishes to live with the Swiss Confederation, despite divergences in ideas and institutions,

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upon a footing of profound and durable friendship."

Signor Motta expressed himself as highly gratified by these assurances, but the good effect thereby produced was almost immediately dissipated by the publication, in an article written by the usually well informed Anglo-Russian political commentator "Augur," of an alleged German plan to cut off Lyons and the south of France from Paris, in the eventuality of war, by means of a sudden attack through Swiss territory. The authenticity of this plan was vehemently denied by the German Government. Commenting on this matter in the National Council on October 10, Herr Rudolf Minger, the Swiss Minister of War, declared that it was natural for foreign general staffs to take account of the defensive strength of the Swiss army, and used the threat of invasion as an argument in favor of an increase in armaments. The National Council thereupon voted a credit of fifteen million francs ($4,500,000) as the first instalment of a contemplated total of a hundred million francs ($30,000,000) to be spent over a period of years in the purchase of artillery, airplanes and other military equipment. In the middle of November there was held at Berne a conference of commanders of divisions and fortresses to discuss the complete reorganization of the army with a view particularly to augmenting the defenses of the German-Swiss frontier.

Hitler's dramatic announcement of October 14 that Germany intended to withdraw from the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference was another violent shock to Swiss opinion. By her resignation, Germany will relieve herself of the obligation incumbent upon members of the League to respect Swiss neutrality. "The thunderbolts hurled on Saturday by Berlin have quite naturally provoked an explosion everywhere," asserted the *Journal de Genève*. "It is an explosion of indignation, of inquietude . . . and of distrust toward Germany."

VII

Such is the situation as it exists at the time this is written. The internal menace to Switzerland from the rise of Hitlerism and Fascism within its borders has not as yet become acute. The League of National Socialist Confederates is still comparatively weak, and is believed to recruit its following not so much among the native German-Swiss as among German citizens domiciled in Switzerland, of whom there are over 150,000. The National Front, the first of the Fascist groups to test its strength at the polls in a local election at Zurich on September 24, succeeded in winning only ten of the 125 seats on the Municipal Council. It is as yet nothing more than a cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand, but those of a nervous disposition recall that the same could once have been said of the Hitlerites in Germany.

The course of events in the immediate future, however, will be determined by the outcome of the German-Austrian crisis. As has already been pointed out, the external menace arising from an intensification of German propaganda will not be encountered in its full force unless and until Austria falls. Recent reports from Austria are not optimistic. They intimate that Chancellor Dollfuss's strength is perceptibly waning before the relentless sapping operations of Hitler's most expert agitators. The bloody civil strife between the Austrian Socialists and *Heimwehr* Fascists that has reddened the streets of Vienna is an

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illustration of how the growth of a Fascist party avowedly hostile to Nazi control has precipitated a situation which makes many Austrians in both camps turn to Adolf Hitler as one who knows how to impose domestic peace, albeit a harsh one. Those who call to mind the sanguinary clash at Geneva on November 9, 1932, when Swiss troops shot down a number of Socialist demonstrators, realize that a similar debacle of democracy, with Hitler looking on as the *tertius gaudens*, is not impossible even in Switzerland.

The latest and most ominous of many affronts to Swiss national sentiment has been the formation in January, under the command of a Swiss fugitive from justice named Erich Maey, of a Berlin Storm Troop detachment composed of Swiss citizens domiciled in Germany who have dedicated themselves to "clean up the Swiss pig-sty." Although the German Government, now very meticulous in observing the diplomatic proprieties, has forbidden this organization to parade in uniform or otherwise to advertise itself unduly, it is compared by anxious Swiss to the Austrian Legion encamped in Bavaria near the frontier, which, it is believed, will at some favorable conjuncture be allowed to "get out of hand" and try its luck at seizing Austria by a *coup d'état*. If such a maneuver should be successful against Austria, would the Nazis be able to resist the temptation of conniving at a similar incursion into Switzerland?

The outside world can only await the event with trepidation. It is of the utmost importance, for the preservation of the morale of those who still believe in the possibility of friendship among the peoples, that Switzerland should maintain unimpaired its political integrity. If the unity of sentiment among the three Swiss communities should disintegrate under the impact of Hitlerism, it would, in its psychological repercussions, be a disaster for the world out of all proportion to the size of the country.

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A Supreme Court of Money

By Norman Lombard

Some desirable reforms for the Federal Reserve System

The Federal Reserve Board is our "Supreme Court" of money; and, since, under ordinary circumstances, the Federal Reserve System is an important factor in determining our economic destinies, in that it largely controls the purchasing power of our money, it is now more than ever wise to consider how the governing groups of this powerful agency of government are constituted, the safeguards against abuse under which it operates, and what reforms are needed.

Bagehot, in his little classic, *Lombard Street,* points out that no commercial banker and no director of a joint stock bank is ever allowed to become a director of the Bank of England, the reason given being that the two positions are "incompatible." Sir Charles Addis, a director of the Bank of England, in an address before the Bond Club of New York, not long since, referred to this prohibition and explained that, while he is a banker, in one sense, being chairman of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, yet he is what is termed an "exchange banker" and so does not come under the rule against commercial bankers.

This is interesting to us from two angles: first, it illustrates the fine distinction that is drawn between the different kinds of banking in England; and, second, it demonstrates a fundamental feeling in England that monetary policy should not be dominated by the banker type of thinking.

This does not grow out of any suspicion of the honor or good intentions of the bankers. The reason lies deeper. Bankers are in business to make profits and their profits are increased if, in a period of rising prices, they can increase the supply of loanable funds. Therefore, in such times of expansion, they naturally become expansionists; and, if they control the policy of the central bank, it also is almost sure to be inflationary; and yet those are just the times when pressure should be brought to bear to prevent an increase of the supply of money and credit.

Similarly, in a period of falling prices or depression, bankers are all too prone to be the most extreme of deflationists. Safety is their aim then, rather than profits; and properly so. They strive for liquidity in their own institutions and so tend to discourage expansion in all directions, waiting for conditions to get back to "normal." It is only natural that they should carry this attitude over into their control of the central bank, which thus must become opposed to expansion at just the time

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when increased supplies and use of money and credit are the antidote that the situation needs.

Thus it appears that the entirely proper policy of the individual banker, with respect to his own affairs, is almost always the very opposite of what is the proper monetary policy for the country.

It seems perfectly clear, therefore, that one of the important needs of the time is to break the dominance of our bankers over our central banking organization; this in their interest as well as in our own, since stable economic conditions are as necessary to the satisfactory conduct of the banking business as they are to the satisfactory conduct of every other business—except that of speculation.

To this end, there seems to be no alternative to our asking that very much overworked man, the President of the United States, to appoint the directors of our Federal Reserve banks, just as he does now the members of the Federal Reserve Board, and subject to the same prohibition against bankers' being allowed to serve.

Of course, there are the well-known objections to such a step—the offices would tend to become a part of the spoils system; inferior men would be appointed; their powers would be exercised to further the political interests of the party that appointed them; and so on. Nevertheless, there appears to be no other way; and we can not permit, in the future as we have done in the past, our economic balance to be so violently disturbed by the hopes and fears of a class the very nature of whose business renders them peculiarly susceptible to such whimsical instability. We must find some way to assure that our monetary affairs will be directed more efficiently in the common interest, and the most logical way to do this seems to be to provide that the managers of these matters shall be appointed by the authority that most comprehensively represents the entire public, just as do our Federal judges and the members of our various semi-judicial Federal commissions.

The problem would be much simplified if there were but one Federal Reserve Bank of the United States, instead of twelve widely scattered Reserve banks, and that seems a logical development at this time, as well. As matters now stand there are one hundred and eight directors of Federal Reserve banks and eight members of the Federal Reserve Board. Certainly, if there were one institution, it would not have so many directors. The selection of competent men would thus be facilitated.

II

Perhaps this detail as to who should control the management of our monetary machine would assume less importance if the Congress, in creating the Federal Reserve System, had prescribed some objective toward which its management was to be directed, or if it should now lay down some fundamental policy to guide the managers of our money in the conduct of their work. At present, the only such guide is found in a direction in the Federal Reserve Act to the Reserve banks to establish rates of rediscount "with a view of accommodating commerce and business" and a similar phrase in the Banking Act of 1933. This being a meaningless phrase, we are confronted with the amazing situation that, although the Federal Reserve Act delegated larger and more sweeping powers over our prosperity and our well-being than the Congress had ever before delegated to

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any body, it did so without providing any effective direction as to the end toward which those powers should be used. Naturally, this condition throws a tremendous discretionary responsibility upon those upon whom the power is conferred.

There now seems to be no reason why this portentous omission should not be corrected, and, the gold standard having been generally abandoned, a direction should now be given to the Federal Reserve authorities to use their powers to maintain stability in the purchasing power of the dollar, that is, in the general level of prices.

In the original draft of the Federal Reserve Act, as passed by the Senate, there was a provision that the aim should be to stabilize the purchasing power of the dollar, but this clause was deleted by the House Banking and Currency Committee.

In 1926, Congressman James G. Strong of Kansas introduced a bill (HR 7895, 69th Congress, First Session) which would have corrected this defect. Hearings were held on this bill and printed reports thereof were widely circulated. He introduced a modified bill in 1928 (HR 11806, 70th Congress, First Session), on which further hearings were held; but neither of these bills was reported to the House. It is a fair assumption that, if either of these bills had become law, the depression of 1929 to 1933 would not have occurred, at least in its full magnitude.

In 1932, Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough of Maryland introduced a bill along the same lines (HR 10517, 72nd Congress, First Session) and, thanks to the educational work that the Strong bills had done, this bill, in modified form, passed the House by an overwhelming majority (289 to sixty), but it failed to go before the Senate and so did not become law.

This brief but momentous bill follows:

"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That the Federal Reserve Act is amended by adding at the end thereof a new section to read as follows:

" 'Sec. 31. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States that the average purchasing power of the dollar as ascertained by the Department of Labor in the wholesale commodity markets for the period covering the years 1921 to 1929, inclusive, shall be restored and maintained by the control of the volume of credit and currency."

" 'Sec. 2. The Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Reserve banks, and the Secretary of the Treasury are hereby charged with the duty of making effective this policy.

" 'Sec. 3. Acts and parts of Acts inconsistent with the terms of this Act are hereby repealed.' "

Printed reports of the hearings on these three bills are still available to the public on request to Congressmen or Senators. They constitute a valuable course of reading in monetary economics.

Certainly we should not grant such powers as we have granted to our Federal Reserve authorities without some direction to them as to how those powers shall be used. We do not follow this course in delegating powers to the Interstate Commerce Commission, or to the Federal Trade Commission, or to any other body having to do with our economic affairs, and yet the powers exercised by the Federal Reserve System, measured in terms of their effects,

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are greater than the powers granted to all these other bodies combined.

Obviously, a law similar to the Goldsborough bill is needed.

III

Such legislation should embody four essential features.

(1) It should establish it as the policy of the United States to stabilize the purchasing power of the dollar, that is, the general level of domestic prices, and it should accept monetary control as the determining factor in the problem of price level stabilization. It should set forth the formula by which the index number shall be calculated, that is, the mathematical procedure, the rule to be applied in selecting and weighting the items entering into the calculation, and similar technical matters, all of which any one of a thousand statisticians is fully competent to cover in a draft. The legislation should also specify under what conditions and by what means the formula of calculation, the items, weighting, etc., might be altered in order to meet changing conditions.

(2) It should prescribe the level at which the average of prices shall be stabilized and, preferably, this should be done, not by fixing arbitrarily or empirically on the level of some certain year, or the average of several years, but by setting up some equitable rule by which to calculate it, such as the weighted average of the levels at which existing debts were contracted—"the level of maximum equity."

(3) Such legislation should place the entire responsibility for carrying out its purposes on specified authorities. To this end, it might be well to have the legislation authorize the President to remove any official or officials responsible for any departure of the price level by more than a stated amount, say five per cent from the predetermined, normal level, unless, because of some emergency, such as war, a temporary departure were permitted and announced by presidential proclamation.

(4) Therefore, the legislation should give plenary power to the designated officials, removing all question as to whether they are to be excused for failure to stabilize the price level on the plea that individual prices have altered, or that gold supplies, international complications, a stock market boom, or other conditions have interfered with their operations.

The whole philosophy of price level stabilization rests on the idea that the resultant of all the forces tending to cause the general level of prices to rise (or to fall) is to be neutralized and offset by a major monetary force in the opposite direction, to the end that the general level of prices shall be kept stable at the predetermined point.

Just as we do not permit the refrigeration engineer to say that he failed to keep the temperature in the egg storage room at the proper height, because of a cold snap, or because an exceptionally hot day intervened, or because the coal supply ran out, so we should not permit our monetary authorities to complain that, because of increased imports or exports of gold, or a bountiful harvest of cotton, or a new tariff, or for some other reason, they had failed to keep the price level stable.

In other words, the legislation should make it quite clear that it is the intention of the Congress that the primary objective of monetary policy shall be, by monetary means, to stabilize the general level of prices at the proper point, and that the monetary authorities

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are to be held responsible for holding it there.

Some say that the operation of the monetary system, under such a specific direction and grant of power, would call for superhuman intelligence on the part of its managers. This feeling is easy to understand. The idea of price level stabilization through monetary control is new and strange to most people, and it is natural for men to think that a thing which they have never done or have never seen done is difficult to do or, indeed, that it can not be done at all. One recalls the story of Columbus and his egg.

However, in answer to this line of reasoning, we may point to Sweden, where a fairly stable price level is now being maintained through monetary control; and we saw a period of price level stability in the United States under the administration of Governor Strong from 1922 to 1928.

Is it possible that the managers of the monetary affairs of Sweden are more intelligent than are our own monetary authorities? Are they supermen? Was Governor Strong a superman?

Far from finding the difficulties of their task increased, the managers of the Federal Reserve System, under specific direction to use its powers to stabilize the general level of prices, would find their work much simplified. It would then be more largely ministerial and less discretionary. Under such a condition, they would watch primarily the chart showing the general level of prices, and their major policies would be governed thereby. They would then need to give only incidental attention to stock exchange prices, carloadings, department store sales, gold imports and exports, money in circulation, bank clearings and all the other indicators that now so largely preoccupy them. Long debates as to whether they should stop a stock market orgy or a real estate boom and concerning other extraneous matters would then be avoided. The debate would then be simply as to which of the devices available they should employ as a means of restoring the price level to the predetermined point.

The answer to the argument made by some, that such legislation would unduly increase the powers of the Federal Reserve authorities, is that it would restrict them in that it would compel them to use their powers toward a definite end, whereas now they are largely unrestricted as to aim, a fact that has been the cause of untold economic havoc.

IV

Perhaps the most far-reaching reform, however, and one of the simplest and most easily adopted, requiring no act of Congress or reorganization of personnel but only a resolution of the Federal Reserve Board, would be to provide that, in their consideration and disposal of proposed changes of policy, the Federal Reserve Board and the boards of directors of the Federal Reserve banks should follow the procedure and the ethics long observed by our courts of law.

Matters come before our courts of law in an orderly and formal manner. Anybody wanting an injunction or some other redress presents his claims and the reasons why he thinks he should have the judgment of the court in his favor. This is made public. Any one having a contrary view may then present his arguments on the matter. He may do this even if he is not a direct

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party to the suit, as a "friend of the court," or as an intervener. The matter is then argued in open court and briefs are presented. Then the court decides, and the members of the court issue a written decision setting forth their line of reasoning that led them to the judgment, and they sign it so that all may see whose decision it is. If there is dissent, the views of the dissenters are issued and signed.

Meanwhile, if any attorney for either side should approach the court with a view to learning what its decision was to be, or for the purpose of influencing the decision, he would be committing a grave breach of etiquette, or worse, even contempt of court.

How different is the situation in our minor monetary courts and in our "Supreme Court" of money! Suggestions that there should be a change of rate or that the Reserve banks should buy or sell securities may come from any one and with no formality or written argument. The suggestion may be made to a governor or director of a Federal Reserve bank over the telephone or at his club over the luncheon table, or it may be made in the course of a casual call on a member of the Federal Reserve Board. The interest of the one proposing the change need not be revealed and his name and any argument he makes are usually kept secret. If the suggestion appeals to the director or member approached, he may discuss it with his associates, in formal meeting or otherwise. If a decision is finally arrived at, announcement is then made or appropriate action taken. If it is a matter of a change of rediscount rate, public announcement is made following the meeting. If it concerns the matter of open market operations, the public has, as a rule, no inkling of the decision until the regular weekly statement appears showing changes in the holdings of the Federal Reserve banks. Meanwhile, there is no public discussion; there is no statement of the reasons for the decisions or as to the names of those favoring or opposing it.

Such secrecy concerning matters of great public import leads inevitably to serious evils. I do not mean to suggest anything so crass as bribery. Men are influenced to take action by many arguments of a selfish nature and the existing situation leads to the growth of anti-social influences as spring rains lead to the growth of weeds.

Perhaps the worst aspect of it is that, under present conditions, the public has no way of knowing which of the individuals engaged in managing its monetary affairs are competent and which are incompetent. Written and reasoned decisions handed down after public presentation of arguments would tend largely to correct this condition and to eliminate the unfit.

Why should not the board of a Federal Reserve bank, before requesting the Federal Reserve Board to authorize a change of rediscount rate, for example, hold a public hearing at which proponents and opponents of the proposed change could advance their views and arguments, perhaps filing written briefs? Why should not the Federal Reserve Board then hold a similar public hearing, with written and oral arguments pro and con and then hand down a written decision, with, possibly, a dissenting opinion, both signed by their adherents and with statements of the reasons that guided their judgment.

Is it not clear that there would be many advantages in this procedure? Suspicion of unworthy motives would

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be greatly minimized and confidence in the good faith and competence of the monetary authorities would be strengthened. This might prove a bulwark against attack if an effort were ever made to destroy the Federal Reserve System.

Furthermore, such a system would have a very powerful and beneficial educational effect. People would read these decisions as closely as they now do the important decisions handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States because they would be widely reported in the press, and the resultant discussion would help to educate, not only the public, but also the personnel of the Reserve System itself.

This suggestion will not meet with favor in Federal Reserve circles. There seems to be a strong inclination toward secrecy on the part of all public officials and especially of those having to do with central banking; but their wishes should no longer be allowed to govern in a matter of such vital import. No doubt, it is much easier for them to perform their functions in secret than it would be if the fierce light of publicity beat down upon them, forcing them to understand their work and its far-reaching implications, to adopt a logical objective and to follow consistent policies in reaching it. Naturally they demur.

Of course, the same identical procedure now followed by our courts can not be followed by our monetary authorities in establishing their policies. For one thing, the long delays that characterize court procedure could not be tolerated in the monetary field, and there are many minor matters of administration that come before the Federal Reserve Board, the boards of the Federal Reserve banks, and the various committees of the Federal Reserve System that require both speed and secrecy in their handling. The technique of court procedure would not be adaptable to such details; but, in so far as matters of broad public policy are concerned, such as changes of discount rates, open market activities, and all decisions affecting the volume of reserve credit outstanding, speed is not usually vital and secrecy is of no advantage, and, as we have seen, there are reasons of compelling public importance why the procedure here suggested should be followed.

In summary, there needs to be a change of control of our monetary machine so that it may better serve the public interest; there should be a legislative direction to the monetary authorities as to the end toward which their vast powers are to be directed; and there should be open discussions of proposed changes of policy and written and reasoned decisions thereon, all promptly revealed to any one having any interest in the subject matter.

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Master of the Double-Cross

By William C. White

General Yablonsky blames a single Japanese for the outcome of the Russo-Japanese War, and, incidentally, for the Russian Revolution

This is really General Yablonsky's story. He is the old man who sits nightly in a corner of that little Russian café on Nollendorfplatz in Berlin. The rows of medals that blot his blouse will attract your attention. His frayed clothes, uncut hair and his eyes forever fixed on the remotest of shadows will arouse your pity. He asks nothing except a chance for conversation. He accepts graciously an invitation to join in a drink. He will order vodka. The General is a typical Russian emigré, poverty-stricken, alive only in his roots which are all buried in the past. God knows how he has managed to exist through the years since he fled Russia in 1918.

He comes nightly to this café, to talk with any one who will buy him a small flagon of vodka. He will talk to any one, but only on one subject, the Japanese. Nothing else interests him and whenever the conversation wanders elsewhere he snaps into silence like a broken violin string. But of the Japanese and especially of the Russo-Japanese War he will talk for hours.

Sometimes, when there has been vodka without stint, he tells this story of Captain Tanama.

"One man alone is responsible for the Russian revolution and for all the following filth of the Bolsheviki," he says, leading up to that story. "One man, a Japanese, Captain Tanama. There would be a Tsar in Holy Russia today had it not been for this scoundrel. You see, if we had won that war with Japan in 1905 there would have been no revolution. The Japanese defeated us then and that defeat produced the revolutionary movement in Russia. Did you ever look at things that way?"

An argument usually arises at this point, but the General, intent on his story, carries on.

"And the Japanese would not have won, had it not been for that traitor Tanama. There is nothing these yellow monkeys will not do to gain their ends. They are the slyest people, the most perfidious, and the most gifted in thinking of new ways to double-cross you. Do you know that ancient Russian myth which says that the Devil Himself came from an island in the Great Quiet Ocean in the East? Tanama was a tool of that Devil, and a true son of his people. You have never heard of him?"

I had never heard.

This is the story which the old Gen-

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eral, once of the Tsar's Intelligence Service, then tells.

I

Captain Tanama, the General begins, first came to St. Petersburg as military attaché to the Japanese Embassy in 1901. He was of some special breed, I guess, not built like a baboon like most of his people but nearly six feet tall. His ancestors probably came from the northern islands which produce bigger people. His face was the color of bronze and ugly, like some Tibetan devil mask. Ugly, yes, but he looked striking in uniform and women seemed to be attracted to him. They thought him something exotic, I suppose.

In those days I was a captain, serving as assistant to the chief of the Military Intelligence Division. Naturally, we were interested in Tanama. He was a foreign military attaché, which is a polite way of saying "spy," and it was part of our job to keep both eyes on him. We learned everything that we could about him. He came from one of the oldest families in the country, and his father was one of the Mikado's closest advisers. Thorough breeding and long residence abroad had given Tanama a proud grace and a polish that marked him in any gathering. He spoke perfect French, of course. He went with the fastest set in the diplomatic circle and was popular everywhere. There was no subservient ground-scraping pose about him, as with so many of these Asiatics who bow low so that they can laugh at you without being noticed. He was extremely able. He knew it. He had a marvelous career before him. He knew it. But he made no attempt to impress any one, either by false pride or, worse, by false modesty.

As a matter of fact, we of the Intelligence Service were more than usually interested in Tanama. Every one of us, on the General Staff, knew that it was only a matter of time before we would have to fight the Japs in the Far East. They knew it, too. That made us pay more than normal attention to things Japanese. Furthermore, we were receiving information from our own agents in Tokio that the Japanese War Office was continually securing our military secrets. In other words, there was a leak somewhere in St. Petersburg. It was our job to find where that leak was. Tanama could tell us, that was sure.

There was a leak, but it was difficult to find. Tanama had a way of making friends, with officers, actresses, officials —it made no difference. It is not a far step from making friends to using friends. Tanama had a lot of money and he was an inveterate gambler. He almost always lost and always with a smile, and he paid losses of the size which makes smiling difficult. A couple of my fellow officers bought diamonds for their mistresses with winnings from the Japanese captain.

For a year we put Tanama under the closest observation, but with no results. We watched every Russian officer with whom he was friendly but we found nothing suspicious. Tanama was mixed up with a number of girls around town but these were only the usual sort of liaisons. We knew, because the girls were on our payroll.

Yet every report from our agents in Tokio told us that the leak still existed and was, if anything, growing larger.

There was one thing that we could do and we planned to do it, to drive Tanama out of the country by some means or other, in the hope that his successor would be neither so clever nor so ingratiatingly charming nor so efficient.

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The way to do it was by disgracing him. If we could start some scandal around him he would have to go. No people are as sensitive to disgrace as the Japanese. And there is a unique thing about them. If the disgrace is awful enough you can be sure that they will commit *hara kiri*, suicide by a sword through the belly, for you.

We planned to threaten Tanama with disgrace hoping that he would either leave or commit suicide. It made no difference to us, so long as we got rid of him.

II

It was easy to "frame" him. He was most friendly with an actress, Ilyinskaya. They seemed to be attracted to each other. In public they seldom appeared together but in private—! Their relationship was well known in court circles. We went to her and told her what we wanted, but we had to use threats to get her to promise to help us. My God, I think she really loved that scoundrel! She finally promised.

One evening she went to Captain Tanama and said that it was necessary for him to marry her, at once. He refused, like a polished gentleman of course, pointing out that when a Japanese officer marries a non-Japanese, he must leave his country's service. He had his career to think of. Besides, he added, somewhat as an afterthought, he had a wife in Japan. He offered Ilyinskaya money but she would not touch it. It was either marriage—or publicity. And she showed him a very guarded little note with no names about their affair which we had already had printed as a sample.

"You can think about it until tomorrow night," she told him. "I will come then for an answer. If you say, 'No,' I shall start a scandal in your apartment. If you don't let me in, all the worse for you. The neighbors will hear, and the newspapers—!"

That is what she told us that she had said.

We sat in our office the next day waiting to hear that Tanama had decided on a sudden departure for Tokio. We could scarcely hope, yet, for suicide. The morning passed and most of the afternoon and there was no news. Ilyinskaya was ready to go to his apartment and there to tear her clothes and to scream for help. We arranged that the first people to break through the door would be newspaper men.

You don't believe this? You think it all fantastic? I read in the newspapers a few years ago, in 1928, of the suicide of the Japanese military attaché in Moscow. The Bolsheviki had "framed" him in just this way, with just such a woman and just such a scandal.

Oh, we had every detail arranged for Tanama, even to reservations on the Trans-Siberian express. Then my telephone rang. It was the Captain, asking to see me alone immediately, "most urgently."

I went to his apartment. I must say that he was frank for he began, in straightforward fashion, "Do you know of this Ilyinskaya affair?"

Unable to return his frankness, I said that I did not.

He explained briefly the situation and said, "You realize what choice is left for me if she carries out her threat?"

I bowed politely. "It is a very nasty situation."

"Very. And awfully awkward. I was a fool to get so involved with her."

There was nothing to indicate that he suspected our part in the affair.

"Could you not help me to change

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her mind or to stop publicity perhaps?"

I had not foreseen that question and I had no answer ready except to mumble, "It would be very difficult." I was busily thinking of how best to suggest that he leave the country. One must be awfully polite with these Japanese.

"I should be very glad to pay—"

"I am afraid that money is of little use here," I said coldly.

"No, no, I could pay in other ways." Before I could guess at what he was trying to say he continued, "Don't think me cowardly. I am not afraid of disgrace nor even of suicide. In a normal situation I should not give the matter a second thought. But my family is a very proud and ancient one and my father, on the Emperor's Privy Council, is a very old man. I should hate to have him know of my disgrace, at the very end of his life. He would think it his duty to follow me in disgraceful death. And my uncle. You do not know us Japanese. Perhaps you can not understand, but the circumstances here are such that I must think of the consequences."

He paused, his eyes downcast, as if he feared that I would say, "Coward." Then, abruptly, he stared me in the face and asked, "*Monsieur le capitaine*, you *can* help me if you wish. What are your terms?"

I was rejoicing within that we had won as simply as that. But I answered with pretended hesitation, "I am not sure that I can help. In any case you would have to leave Russia."

"Certainly. And what else?"

"What else?"I repeated, dazed by the question.

"In what ways can I—er—serve you?"

I was too confused by the connotation of that question to think clearly but there was no doubt about what it meant.

"I must speak to my superiors about that," I managed to say.

"Naturally. I will await your decision."

We arranged for a meeting on the morrow and I was about to leave when Tanama asked a question which made me feel that perhaps he did suspect us. "And Mademoiselle Ilyinskaya—you are sure she will not come tonight?"

III

I returned to my office and told my associates of the conversation and of the terms. They laughed loudly at the idea of a Japanese army officer, and one of high caste at that, offering to aid the Intelligence Service of a potential enemy in order to escape from a petty mix-up with an ordinary actress.

"He puts a low value on our intelligence," Major Oblomov, my superior said. "Japan must want very badly to furnish us with false information."

"Anything he would report to us would be specially prepared for us in Tokio, you can be sure of that," I agreed. "If he leaves Russia, that is enough."

"But it would be a shame not to play with him," Oblomov said. "He has been so courteous that we might ask him to supply us with copies of plans for troop movements around Port Arthur and in southern Manchuria. It would be interesting to know just what the Japanese War College would prepare for us. We could be sure that in reality they would carry out just the opposite."

That was an appealing idea and, after discussing it, we decided to play Tanama's game. We would insist on his immediate departure and we would ask for copies of vital plans and mobilization orders. Then we would agree to

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"silence" Ilyinskaya, "difficult" as it might be.

Pretending the greatest seriousness, I gave him our decision on the following day.

"I have already requested my transfer and I shall leave within a week," he replied. "I am grateful for your help. You will have no reason to regret what you have done for me."

He gave a farewell party on the night before his departure. We could not help laughing when we saw that Ilyinskaya was almost the guest of honor.

He left St. Petersburg on the following day. It was late summer in 1902, the last time that this scoundrel who brought about the Russian revolution of 1917 was in Russia. Quite a crowd came to see him off. I was there and we said goodbye most ceremoniously. We had to keep the conventions, of course. It would have been better if I had shot him.

Tanama's successor, who turned up a few weeks later, was a little shoat, with no charm and with no great ability. We watched him closely on his arrival and we were able to discover, in the first contacts which he made, a few of his spies.

We were busy thereafter with our own preparations for the war in the Far East that daily appeared more and more inevitable. We forgot Tanama as we concentrated on our own plans. We forgot him, until one day in December, 1902, when a package came to us by diplomatic pouch from our military attaché in Tokio.

The package was carefully sealed. With it was a note from our attaché saying that it had been left at the Embassy by some one unknown with instructions to forward it to us unopened. We opened it. It contained plans, to the minutest detail, for Japanese action around Port Arthur, showing where troops would be landed, how they would be distributed, and what the objectives of any drive there would be.

We examined the plans carefully. There were several novelties in proposed tactics which surprised us. Everything had been done with the most meticulous care.

"The Japanese are thorough, even in such imitation works of art as these," said Major Oblomov.

"Perhaps they are genuine," one officer suggested.

"Nonsense. Of course they would do a trick like this with the greatest air of authenticity."

This was the common opinion. The plans were put in the archives and forgotten. We had plenty of work to do with our own plans.

Six months later, in the summer of 1903, another set of plans arrived in just the same way. The same detail, the same meticulousness. These were plans for action on the south Manchurian peninsula in general, focusing on Mukden.

The care with which the plans had been prepared increased the number of skeptics in our department. Two or three officers now said that, in the possibility that the plans might be genuine, we should study them carefully and revise our counter-plans accordingly.

"What awful fools we would be if we learned that Tanama was really honest and that these had been made from stolen originals," one commented.

Such work would have called for a complete revision of our own defense tactics and these plans, too, were finally set aside in our archives. But Tanama, at long distance, had been successful in one thing. He had brought ill feeling

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into our department. Those officers who believed in his good faith, in spite of the ridiculousness of that belief, were on increasingly bad terms with the rest of us.

Late in December of the same year a third set of plans arrived, for action along the Yalu River.

There was no chance for any of the usual discussion this time. A day or so after the arrival of this third package came startling information from Tokio, information almost unbelievable but fully corroborated by our military attaché there.

Tanama had been caught stealing plans from the War Office and had been executed as a spy.

We were inclined to scoff at this at first as another Japanese trick. But every source of information that we had supported it as a fact. And whatever doubts may have remained were erased a few days later by a story carried by the press of the world saying that his father, Prince Tanama, of the Privy Council, had committed suicide on hearing of the disgraceful death of his son. They gave the old man quite a spectacular funeral.

And in our archives were three sets of Japanese plans!

IV

It was almost 1904. War was imminent and we knew it. We went over the plans which Tanama had sent us with all speed. Day and night we worked to correct our own tactics, to take advantage of these mobilization orders. There was the possibility that the Japanese might discover what Tanama had stolen earlier and correct their own plans accordingly, but we had to chance that. Those officers who had always supported the belief in the authenticity of the plans laughed loud now, when they had time. No one had much time for anything.

Then the war broke out, in February, 1904, the war that was to result eventually in the Revolution of 1905 and the later Revolution of 1917. Our Tsar sent us into battle with his prayers. We had God on our side. On the side of the Japanese was the Devil!

In April we fell back on the Chiuliencheng position on the Yalu River. You have never heard of the battle there, on April 30, 1904? It is one of the important battles of the world. There for the first time in modern history an army of yellow men defeated an army of the white race. Think what that meant! Think of the Japs in the Far East, doing as they please today, and remember the battle on the Yalu, almost thirty years ago.

We had the plans of the Japanese there. Tanama had given them to us. But, wherever we stationed one regiment to offset the Japs, there were two Japanese regiments waiting. Wherever we had one artillery battery there were two of the Japanese. And the battle ended with our army in flight, with our rear-guard completely destroyed because its left flank took the wrong direction in retreating. Why did we take the wrong direction? I knew then, and Captain Tanama's ghost, if he really had been shot, knew. There, for the first time, Asia triumphed over Europe. One of every two men in our ranks was killed, and only one of every forty Japanese.

It was too late to revise our general tactics. They had been built on the basis of Tanama's plans. We were defeated at Nashan, at Mukden, at Port Arthur. Yet history tells you that we lost the war because the Trans-Siberian Railroad could not bring us men and supplies

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fast enough. Nonsense! We had enough men, and more than the Japanese. But in the wrong place, every time.

I was at the front and in December, 1904, I heard the rest of the story from a captured Japanese officer. I asked him about Tanama.

"He is a great national hero," the prisoner said. "The Emperor has given him and his family the order of the Rising Sun, second class."

"Then he was not really executed?"

"Oh yes, he was executed as a spy and disgraced. But a few months ago there was published the true story, how he had eagerly chosen the privilege of disgrace and of being executed, so that he could completely deceive you Russians. It was a great honor."

"And his father?"

"He committed suicide of course. That was likewise a great honor."

So we lost the Russo-Japanese War. But what can you do with a people who will face a firing squad or commit suicide in order to double-cross you?

Marine Noon

By Edwin Morgan

This triumph of excessive daylight swells
The whiteness of the wind, twists and sighs
Among the ships and wooded hills
Dense with June. And keen lights rise
From the fine candor of the sand,
From the blond sea rushing high
Like horses bounding for the sky.
Now the ships, wearied of the land,
Turn toward some trivial dream,
Circled with white birds and a thin soft steam;
And all the silvered spars and roofs shake under
The sun's soft thunder.

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The People versus Individualism

By J. M. Nolte

Just what is our philosophy of individualism, which some people think the present Administration is attempting to destroy?

A great to-do has arisen over the concept "individualism." Some declare their conviction that it has brought us to the verge of ruin. Others say that it is not individualism but our denial of it that has wrought the ruin. Some picture President Roosevelt as the uncompromising foe of individualism; others see him as its worthiest champion. Some say that the regimentation incident to our recent wholesale impressment into the Administration's alphabetical Mystic Knights of the Sea is certain to subvert or to destroy individualism. Others deny this, on the theory that only through regimentation may we integrate our civilization, and that until we are integrated there is no chance to give individualism its proper scope.

It is immediately obvious that there are at least two possible explanations of this series of antitheses: first, individualism may be one of these schizoid personalities among concepts, appearing now in one character, now in another; or, second, individualism, itself definite and single in character, may be the instrument of a sort of intellectual fraud perpetrated by politicians who try to secure respectability for the disadvantageous implications of their actions by making the latter wear the clothes of individualism whether they fit or not. Both explanations are probably true. To illustrate the schizoid personality, we note that the individualism of Brigham Young differed from that of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and that the individualism of Jefferson differed from that of Marcus Alonzo Hanna. In support of the second explanation, we remark that there have been few movements in American history ultimately pronounced subversive of our institutional strength and health that have not at one time or another clasped the arm of individualism and posed as its friend and intimate, as Patroclus borrowed valor by his known friendship with Achilles, or as Sieyès appropriated glory by walking with Napoleon on the boulevards. Shays's rebellion, nullification, squatter sovereignty, States' rights, slavery, carpet-bagger control of the South, freight rebating, labyrinthine corporate organization, Prohibition—all of these were in their time defended as by-products of individualism. And when at length we discountenanced or defeated or overthrew them, we did it—or so we professed—at least partly for the sake of the very individualism they claimed as their patron.

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"A plague of opinion!" quoth Shakespeare; "a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin." Or, as Mill wrote in his essay *On Liberty:* "Popular opinions, on subjects not palpable to sense, are often true, but seldom or never the whole truth." It is well enough to swear our allegiance to individualism, or to decry it; but let us give the matter some thought, so that we may have something more than a blurred image of what we are talking about.

II

First of all, one would say, the popular conception of individualism is inextricably interwoven with our democratic-republican prejudices. Pundits and philosophers have questioned the wisdom of this blending in their questioning of the basic assumption of democracy itself, which is, to quote Sir Norman Angell, that "in the fundamental problems of human relationship—in those of conscience and morals—the bootblack is as well fitted to judge as the bishop"; but, wise or not, the kinship of individualism and democracy in America is not a theory but a condition.

This individualism, like our democracy, is not always openly active, even though it may be embodied in overtly individualistic forms or institutions. As is also true of our democratic tradition itself, our individualism is often like the threat of eminent domain or of public ownership under American law: a persuasive ultimate argument that is always present, a Banquo's ghost at the feast of inchoate oligarchy or ambitious bureaucracy or overreaching plutocracy, a force that, although hidden, nevertheless creates the moral background of political and economic activity. Upon occasion, we are in apparent danger of being bound and delivered to our self-chosen economic overlords—and then suddenly something occurs, significant beyond our understanding. There stands the serene and compelling spectre of our ancient traditions, invisible to us and merely guessed-at, but plain to Macbeth, who trembles. The individualism blended with our democracy is difficult to delimit with precision; but it may be said with truth that it approximates that dictionary definition of the term which finds individualism to be "the theory that society exists for the sake of its individual members." Thus Jefferson understood the term, and, without great modification, thus Lincoln described it.

"I take it that it is best for all to leave each man free to acquire property as fast as he can," said Lincoln. "Some will get wealthy. I don't believe in a law to prevent a man from getting rich; it would do more harm than good. So while we do not propose any war upon capital, we do wish to allow the humblest man an equal chance to get rich with everybody else. When one starts poor, as most do in the race of life, free society is such that when he knows he can better his condition, he knows there is no fixed condition of labour for his whole life." Or, again: "The prudent, penniless beginner in the world labours for wages awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labours on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all, gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress and improvement to the condition of all. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up

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from poverty, none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them, till all of liberty shall be lost."

Since Lincoln's time, however, great changes have taken place in the technique of living, which have wrought even greater changes in our political philosophy as it has been interpreted—or shall we say "misinterpreted"?—by our economic leaders and by our politicians. These changes at first extended beyond even the dreams of Jefferson the potential acquisitive powers of men, with the result that the adjective "rugged," already applied to our individualism in the sense of "hardy, robust, vigorous," came to be inseparably a part of the term in a later sense of "rude, uncivil, ungracious, unpolished, with no mark of refinement or culture." Many of our people have forgotten the meaning of individualism as Jefferson conceived it, with its premise of solidarity and its emphasis upon the good that a self-controlled society could and should do to each of its members. They conceive it to be identical with the later "rugged individualism" which the dictionary might define as "self-interest with no mark of refinement or culture," or as "that theory maintaining the political and economic independence of the rude, uncivil, ungracious, or unpolished individual." The vast extent and the wealth of our national domain, coupled with a population sparse by European standards, made possible the propagation of this latter unsocial philosophy of individualism. In general, it is correct to say that it is rugged individualism that has been called before us for critical review; and that it is individualism of the type understood by Lincoln that we are today engaged in trying to save and restore. This explains the apparent contradiction in terms.

If you wish, for instance, to find out the brand of individualism that any man is actually supporting, listen carefully to his defense or arraignment of the concept. If his emphasis is upon the independence of the individual, upon the right of the individual to do as he jolly well pleases with himself and with his own or other people's property, set him down as more "rugged" than individualistic. If, on the other hand, his real concern is with what may be done for every citizen—mark that! for *every* citizen, not just for the farmer or the unemployed worker or the home-owner, but for each citizen, including the taxpayer—you may feel confident that he is pretty well in line with the authors of the Declaration of Independence. Under our modern economic set-up, the rugged individualist will be he who cries about his own rights and the other fellows' duties, while the authentic individualist will be seriously concerned about the rights of other people and about his own duties.

III

Lest the foregoing paragraph sound like what an air-minded student once called "a Sunday school take-off," we must make haste to show utilitarian reasons for the virtue of our "good" individualist. Aside from purely moral considerations, the rugged individualism of the past two or three generations must be rooted out if we are to endure as a democratic republic. As a national philosophy, it is no longer possible un-

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less we frankly impawn our liberties and follow the Old World lead toward dictatorship. It would appear to be the conviction of most Americans that our old traditions of freedom, even if enjoyed in tolerable want, are of greater worth than highly regimented comfort under a régime of industrial oligarchy. A few years ago, at least, we fought a war to express this conviction to the remainder of the world, "to make the world safe" for the democracy that we assumed was a fixture here.

The rugged variety of individualism will no longer work as a principle of conduct for citizens in a democratic state simply because in the present chaos of the world's idealism there is no virtue in it to curb the rising power of economic sub-groups within the state. Modern industrial technique entails mass production; mass production entails large-scale machinery; large-scale machinery entails vast aggregations of capital; vast aggregations of capital entail huge and perpetual corporate organizations. On the production side, efficient mass production entails wide-spread division of labor and all of the problems of housing and unemployment and wage distribution common to our time. These create a nicely articulated machinery, and any disturbance of its parts is repugnant to those who live by its operation, managers and managed alike. It is plain that a well organized industrial production unit is capable of becoming much wealthier and much more powerful as an influence upon men's loyalties than an arbitrary political division like a county or a city or a State. It is also plain that it is possible for the loyalty of men to such a unit, or even to a part of such a unit, to be a stronger thing than their loyalty to the nation. Rugged individualism, if "given its head," will ultimately force society to make a choice between the principle that might makes right and the principle that no temporal loyalty whatsoever may be allowed to challenge the loyalty of a citizen to his government. The only reasons why this issue has not already required a show of hands in America are our geographical isolation and our vast wealth. Foreign menace has never forced us to test our loyalty—unless the rather needless hysteria of the Great War days may be said to have done so. Our natural endowment was so vast in this country that there appeared to be room for all kinds of endeavor. We had cutthroat competition, all right, and there were many casualties; but there was so much to do that the casualties were easily absorbed.

The efforts of our large-scale industries were in a way comparable to nationalized "spheres of influence" in a backward area like China or Asia Minor or Africa before the War. The widening centres of our various corporate spheres of influence and power did not cross and overlap to a dangerous degree until general adversity contracted the terrain in which all were operating. With both foreign and domestic outlets obstructed, the effect was comparable to what might happen if all foreign concessionaires in an undeveloped territory were suddenly required to carry on their trade in a much restricted zone; to what might have happened, let us say, had all the European concessionaires in the whole of pre-War Africa suddenly been forced to carry on their competition in Egypt alone, or in French Somaliland or on the island of Madagascar. Our corporations suddenly found themselves all fighting for the same dollar in the hands of a man who could spend it but once. The road to that dollar was

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the road of merciless competition: let prices be cut at all costs, regardless of all principles of humanity, regardless of that brand of individualism prescribing a duty to all members of society for the protection of their fellows. Industry had the "right," the individualistic right, of free competition. By invoking it, industry could deny the right of the rest of us to live at all. Ergo, industry was bigger than the state; and those who directed the course of industry, who captained this merciless competitive warfare, paid a higher loyalty to their own rugged individualism than to the nation. It took a world depression to show us clearly this internal menace to our future peace and prosperity.

IV

This brief history of the mushroom growth of power under rugged individualism in America is well known to our citizens, and has been retold so often within the past three years that one must apologize for repeating it. Yet the repetition is essential, for the story is only half told; and the second half is valueless without the first half, and *vice versa*. In telling how rugged individualism, or *laissez-faire*, brought us to a realization of the necessity for social control over industrial processes, we have not answered the really important question, what can the state do about it? In order to make a reply in any degree intelligent, we must notice several incidental features of our development under free competition.

The controlling factors in that development were the rapid increase in man's skill in adapting to his use the materials of his environment, the also rapid but less rapid increase in population, and the decline of the faculty of the individual man to live entirely by his own efforts. The processes of the development may be crudely visualized by a sheet of graph paper such as is used for making price curves and the like. Let the bottom margin, reading from left to right, represent time; let the left hand margin, reading up, represent quantities. Draw a line from the lower left corner sweeping up in a parabolic curve and running off the page somewhere near the right hand margin, headed towards infinity. That is a rough representation of the growth of inventive skill—the curve of man's mastery over the materials of his environment. Draw another line from the left hand corner up to the upper right hand corner. That represents, also roughly, the growth of population. Then draw a third line, from the upper left hand corner to the lower right hand corner. That represents, roughly, the ability of the individual man to cope, single-handed, with his economic environment; it also represents the proportion of the national income payable to the individual workman for his efforts.

Of course this illustration is schematic in the extreme and only suggestive, but it does indicate the problems involved. The mastery curve, or production curve, is parabolic and upward. The population curve is fairly regular and upward. There is thus a point at which we have infinitely more goods (at least potentially), to be shared among a definitely increased population. The people increase in regular proportion and the goods in geometrical proportion. If we were true to Jefferson's individualism, therefore, there would be more goods per person available every year, and in a society ideally existing for the benefit of its individual members such happiness as is conveyed by creature comforts and conveniences ought to be

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the lot of each citizen each year in greater amount.

But the system of rewards actually in use among us, that system devised by *laissez-faire* or rugged individualism, has always been based upon actual individual output rather than upon a proportion of the total output. This system has tended to stabilize wages at a given level until the pressure of human tolerance forced it higher. As a result, our descending line of individual capacity represents the wage of the workman in proportion to the total value of national output. It is also a crude measure of the ability of the worker to cope single-handed with his environment. In Jefferson's time, a man needed only health, an axe, and a few garden tools in order to get along in the world. He could strike into the wilderness and settle upon free and fertile land. This system was ultimately vouchsafed to our citizens by the homestead laws. It lasted until the fertile free land disappeared, in the late 'Nineties. As the free land decreased in fertility and in amount, the ability of the individual to exist independent of the industrial order declined. The contemporaneous development of the industrial system, side by side with the settlement of the land, also reduced the fitness of the unaided man to cope with his environment. He was always in competition with his kind, and his kind tended always to have more and more and better and ever better tools. As the years passed, therefore, those who sought escape from the interdependence of the industrial régime found themselves ever closer to frustration, their chances for success ever more limited.

Subsistence farming gave way to staple farming. The frugal and thrifty life of the "home farms" of the East was squeezed out by the expansive and commercialized life of the great production-unit farms of the Middle West. There came a time when the free land was gone, the tools were expensive, the possibility of a tolerable life on the land by means of a subsistence technique utterly gone.

At that point on our graph and in our history where the rising population curve crossed the descending curve of individual capacity, our citizens became dependent upon industrial technique. Under the wage system of rugged individualism and the unrestricted competition of *laissez-faire*, they could be saved from slavery only by the operation of laws of control exercised by the state on their behalf, or wrested from industrial leadership by the organized efforts of workers themselves, or granted to workers by the industrial leaders themselves out of mere humanitarianism and out of respect for the ever greater surpluses of output over cost of production. The depression has emphasized the following facts: that the wage reward system of *laissez-faire* is pitifully inadequate (although we have as yet not even begun to envisage an adequate system); that the state must attempt a more thorough control of industrial activities, both restraining capitalists and protecting workers; that the state, if democracy is to be maintained, must offer a sort of "moral equivalent" for the fertile free land formerly available to those who can not fit themselves to the industrial mold.

V

It is this last-mentioned duty of the state to which the attention of our people has only recently been directed, and it is not astonishing that the interference of the state should be misunder-

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stood and recognized as anything but a step in the direction of restoring individualism. That is because the reasons for the state's duty are not generally comprehended. Democracy, if it is to be real under modern industrial technique, must provide for its citizens a treasury or reserve or storehouse of surpluses sufficient to nourish self-respect. In our case, this reserve used to be land. Now it must be jobs. No man can be a democrat in any vital or wholesome sense if he has nowhere to turn when the impulsions of economic pressure become too much for him. There must be an escape provided: each citizen must have up his sleeve, so to speak, a card that his employer can not trump. It was recognition of this fact that led Professor Sumner, many years before fascism and the Nazis, to prophesy that in the crowded countries of Europe, with their narrow subsistence margins, democracy, if attempted, would prove to be nothing but a "short-cut to Caesarism." As long as we had free land, as long as there was a "demand for men," as long as there were indubitably more than enough jobs to go 'round, democracy in America was secure in spite of our carelessness in safeguarding it by intelligent supervision and by voting. Since the War, the refuge of escape to the land or to another job has been denied to the average citizen. If it is not provided in some way, individualistic democracy is likely to perish.

There is general recognition of this fact among the leaders of the present Administration, and the psychology of the CCC is one timid and tentative approach to a solution of this problem. But it is doubtful whether or not the Administration knows how to initiate a general programme of dimensions adequate to the emergency. It is now providing a temporary cushion of reserve jobs in gigantic public works such as the TVA; but it is probable that the only effectual moral equivalent for the homestead right of former years will finally depend upon a private labor market kept by considerations of public policy in a constant state of under-supply. If this is to be the case, the price-raising technique of the present Administration is almost sure to be wrong, and will ultimately have to be changed to a consumption-stimulating technique either by directly undoing what has already been done or by an extensive inflation of the currency or of credit so as to render nugatory the price-raising measures already taken. No amount of sabotage will ever stimulate healthy consumption: that will result only from lower prices and a wider movement of goods. That is bitter medicine for us, determined as we are to continue living beyond our present income; but eventually the dose will probably have to be swallowed. The regimentation of workers and of industries so far attempted has not had the effect of providing the margin of extra jobs necessary to take the place of free land. Without the margin, the wholesome individualism of real democracy is in constant danger.

The task of the Government is made terrifyingly difficult because the changes in our industrial technique are by no means confined to the mere physical changes in materials and processes. Astounding as the above changes have been, they are only incidental beside the changes in the realm of ideas which have followed in their wake. The application of inventive skill under the guidance of scientific research has unbelievably widened the scope of industrial activity; but we can learn to control the merely physical variables of the processes of manufacture. It is the psy-

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chological variables that present the hitherto insuperable obstacles.

Mass production has in most instances cut down the prime cost of those commodities with which it is involved; and it has also cut down the retail prices. But the entrance of mass production into the industrial régime has widened the spread between manufacturing cost and retail selling price, and has thus upset our traditional balance of functions in society. This has been true because the rule of free competition has exposed every manufacturer to the constant threat of supersession, and has led him to amortize his capital outlay over the shortest possible time. It has been true also because the very existence of mass production has required vast capital, and has therefore brought methods of mass production into the field of distribution by means of modern emotional advertising and sales promotion. The costs of manufacture are usually only an inconsiderable fraction of the final selling price. Society has had to bear the penalty of this excessive distribution cost; and it has also had to bear the penalty of paying for the numerous failures of our trial-and-error system. The result has been that under our rapidly changing facility of manufacture, supersession and failure have alike become unpredictable. Luck has risen to a high place as a determinant of success in industry. The number of outright supersessions and failures from unpredictable causes, and of supersessions and failures from such causes that are hidden but none the less real, has vastly increased during our national life. This has raised tremendously the factors of obsolescence among us, both as to materials and as to workers. It is the presence of the new element of luck, the conviction among enterprisers and workmen alike that no fault or predictable error of their own has caused them to be rendered obsolete, that, in a democracy, lays the burden of relief upon the state. This is an obligation that the state can not shirk—and still remain democratic. If the state fails as signally to discover a way of compensating for the waste of our strictly empirical economy as private industry has done, it is probable that democracy as we know it will disappear from America.

Government and industry in the United States have for many years been blindly trying to solve the bewildering problems consequent upon increased obsolescence. When free land disappeared, we turned to general and railroad construction, and to the more obvious forms of depletion of our national resources. When the latter dwindled away after the War, we turned to the automobile. Through highway construction, government extravagantly subsidized automobile manufacture—and is still doing so—in the effort to keep going at a satisfactory rate the steel and cement industries. In late years other public works have been undertaken to furnish additional offsets in periods of depression. To many men it is even now not obvious that the task of keeping available a surplus of jobs is a permanent one, and that until the state or industrial leadership, or both in combination, find a permanent solution we shall not have contentment. The new ratios of obsolescence in industry will not grow less under *laissez-faire* or rugged individualism; to make them less under control by the state demands of political leadership a degree of wisdom and forbearance and freedom from mercenary interest to date not experienced in our history. It is plain, however, that the adversity we have so far suffered has not been suffi-

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cient to arouse industrial leadership to awareness of its own responsibility; and certainly President Roosevelt and the New Dealers are not to be blamed for saying, in effect, "Gentlemen, you must put your houses in order; if you don't, we will." One may without being cynical doubt the ability of our political system to do any better than the enterprisers have done; but the President is right in insisting that no one has a real right to throw brickbats unless he has improvements to suggest upon the present procedure.

VI

It is plain, then, that the changes in our economic processes during the past three generations or so have proved that the rugged individualism into which we have distorted the kindlier and more fraternal doctrine of Jefferson and Lincoln deserves our mistrust. It has been a failure, and it has been a failure because our character as individuals has not been equal to the far-sighted abnegation demanded of us in our transition from a pioneering to an industrial civilization. The failure of *laissez-faire* is our failure; it is the failure of our own actions, in their motives and in their effects. It is at this point that we see strongly marked the influence of what we imagine to be the teachings of the new iconoclastic science, for our reaction to the failure of our democratic idealism betrays a manifest inconsistency in our thinking. In one breath we admit that our actions have been anti-social and have gone far towards subverting democracy to an ignoble and unworthy selfishness. But in the next breath we assert that our actions, even the least of them, have been dictated by an hereditary and by an economic determinism which we could not have circumvented had we desired to do so. This plea of confession and avoidance is then glibly set aside, for in the third breath, after this pseudo-scientific apology for our shortcomings, we assert that it is now time for our government, the organ of our delegated authority, to do for us collectively what we have failed to do individually. If the truth is in us when we lisp of determinism, perhaps the government also will fail to make us happy.

Whatever our assertions as to determinism, however, we are at heart still partisans of free will, and the faith which we have already shown in the leadership of President Roosevelt is undeniable testimony of the stirring within us of a deeper faith in the premises of the democratic individualism with which we began our national life. It is the ruggedness, the selfishness, the unsocial qualities of the individualism of the pioneers and of the commercial pirates that is on trial; it can hardly be said to be the true individualism of Jefferson. The latter passed into coma with the assassination of Lincoln, and until day before yesterday we did not even try to resuscitate it.

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Austria's Utopia

By P. W. Wilson

From his perilous niche between the restive forces of fascism to the north and south, Chancellor Dollfuss proclaims a new and divine form of government

Whether she realized it or not, the old lady whose spiritual consolation was the blessed word Mesopotamia started what has become a cult of the period. Everywhere we run across people who are seeking to discover a Mesopotamia where they may abide.

Some have found a Mesopotamia in Moscow; others, in Berlin; others prefer Columbia University where the professors come from, and a few still haunt the adorable *ashram* of Gandhi near Allahabad.

Plato's Mesopotamia was a republic in which the babies were so mixed in the maternity hospitals that a mother was spared the worry of knowing her own child—which communal clinic, as psychologists are aware, is an effective safeguard against the danger of unscientific affection.

The Nazis permit mother love in their Mesopotamia, always assuming that the grandparents are Aryan. The Jews thus find themselves once more in the Scriptural predicament of the Patriarch Abraham whose Mesopotamia had to be everywhere except in the Beulah Land itself. Once more there is a migration from Ur of the Chaldees, and a Chosen People seek a country where Hivites and Perizites and other Arabs warmly welcome the pioneers of Zionism.

With Mesopotamias the trouble has always been that, however desirable, they are difficult to get at. Idealists, yearning for a heaven upon earth, are like the Prophet Ezekiel.

They dream of the Temple again rising glorious in a New Jerusalem. They awake to discover that they still dwell "among the captives of the River of Chebar."

Sir Thomas More wrote hopefully of Utopia but, differing from King Henry VIII over matrimonial theology, he had his head cut off. Samuel Butler discovered Erewhon but Kingsley identified the territory as the Never-Never-Land. Even Lewis Carroll was only able to see his Wonderland through a looking-glass, and Professor Moley, who brought the Brain Trust up to date by explaining to President Roosevelt, Dr. Wirt and others what is meant by the New Deal, has been driven like Dante—whose also was a Vita Nuova—into exile. He is not even permitted to run the Stock Exchange.

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Hence the world-wide interest in the news that, in the fulness of time, a Mesopotamian millennium is actually to be brought into existence. No longer will the statesmen of benevolent aspirations, if such there be, have to depend upon the changes and chances of an old lady's fancy. At last, there is to be a Land, not of Promise merely, but of performance. The blessedness of Mesopotamia is to be, as they say at Rotary Clubs, "put over."

II

As a guessing competition, the whereabouts of the Utopia-in-Recovery would have provided much innocent amusement and even circulation for the more pictorial and less printable newspapers. For who would have supposed—in advance of the stimulating truth—that the Paradise of the Post-War Period would be—of all countries—Austria? For Strauss and the Blue Danube Valse, here, indeed, is a triumph!

Austria, we had been told, was a head without a body; and while that also was true, at one time, of Sir Thomas More, it must always be borne clearly in mind that Utopia was produced when the illustrious author's head and body were still happily united by what diplomatists, in these days, call an *anschluss*. However, there is a certain sense of relief in losing imperial appendages. Austria is now a second Switzerland in Mid-Europe, and what defense does she need? A regenerated "homeland"—to quote Chancellor Dollfuss—is able to put her whole trust in those jealousies on the part of neighboring powers which never fail. It is under the most favorable circumstances that she is able to work out her salvation.

It was Chesterton who, in his ponderous yet paradoxical manner, once remarked that Christianity had not failed—it had never been tried. Chancellor Dollfuss has announced an "ambition to evolve new forms" of government in which "Christian love must unite all sections of the populace" and "youth must be trained in the Christian spirit." What makes the Austrian experiment so challenging is the notion of Dollfuss that Christianity, if permitted in Austria, may spread elsewhere. The "new forms," he says, are to "serve as an example to other greater regions."

For the United States, especially, this suggestion is of interest. Various postprandial conspirators have been promoting what may be called the switch from Jefferson. Why not switch from Jefferson to Dollfuss? If the question be not premature in an electoral year, why should not the New World as well as the Old World be converted to Christianity?

In the Middle Ages, Austria subjugated Europe by marriage. Why should she not conquer the world that is bigger than Europe by ideas? Why should she not be the leader in what some will describe as the great renaissance, and others as the great reaction?

Chancellor Dollfuss is himself a devout Catholic. To him, Christianity is interpreted by the Popes, and Europe—never at a loss to find a word for whatever happens—has defined his policy as "papalization." Specifically, the Chancellor bases his decisions on an Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, promulgated by Leo XIII in the year 1891, and developed into a second Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* by His Holiness, Pius XI.

These Encyclicals define the meaning and the duties of wealth in terms of such candor, such sanity, such a sense of

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the fundamental equities which should determine the relations between capital and labor, that they should be circulated everywhere and read by everybody, to whatever faith, religious or irreligious, he may be affiliated. Indeed, they should be discussed at dinner parties with Dr. Wirt. If Austria can carry out that equitable programme of economics, there need be little fear, in years to come, of communism.

Other Encyclicals, issued at the Vatican, are no less significant. The views of Pope Pius XI on matters of sex have been stated without compromise. The church condemns divorce and will approve of no birth control save continence. She demands that—as in Quebec—the race be permitted its natural increase. The acceptance of these principles by a state that exercises a comprehensive authority over education, the theatre, the screen, the radio, the press and all avenues of publicity is manifestly an event of far-reaching significance. Austria, like Italy, stands for the large family, and sterilization—legalized in Germany—would be, we take it, deadly heresy.

III

We can discuss the Austrian Utopia with more freedom because, as it happens, the Papal Encyclicals do not lay down any rules affecting "forms" of government. To the Pope, it is a matter of indifference whether a country be a republic, a monarchy, or whatever it be. In Austria, there is thus a wide field of statesmanship that can be examined without danger of touching on ecclesiastical susceptibilities. What, then, is this constitution that is to be, in Cromwell's phrase, "a New Model" for the rest of the world?

In this Twentieth Century, with its marvels of science and research, its airplanes flying overhead and its strap-hangers in the subways underground, the idea that a country should be well governed is, it must be confessed, a little audacious. Indeed, when Gladstone, in 1879, suggested something of the kind to Austria, the Habsburgs were so offended that, as Prime Minister, he had to apologize, and the Ambassador of the Emperor Franz Joseph in London was assured that the other Grand Old Man had not really been so undiplomatic as to think of the well-being of Vienna. All that he had desired was votes in Mid-Lothian.

Not that complaints against the Viennese, so audible before the War, were ever due to the fact that Austrians governed themselves. In any country, not dominated by Hitler or Mussolini, that is apt to happen. It was the Austrian insistence on governing other people that, to Bohemians and Croatians, was sometimes so annoying. Even the Magyars of Hungary insisted that, if subject nations had to be governed at all, they would prefer themselves to rule over their own Transylvanians and Austria also, if it came to a test of Dual Monarchy.

If, then, Chancellor Dollfuss likes to bless the Austrians with the administration that Austrians deserve, whatever it be, there is not the remotest reason why the rest of the world should not relegate the always entertaining task of criticizing other people's business to those few scores of thousands of Socialists who, from time to time, refuse to hear one another speak in Madison Square Gardens. Even the Socialists might be a little lenient in their denunciations.

It is true that Chancellor Dollfuss, in his brisk and brotherly fashion, blew

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many of them and their homes into smithereens. But it was all in a good cause. Only by smashing the Socialists could he abolish the parliamentary system, and if the parliamentary system had not been abolished, the Nazis penetrating Austria from the north and the Fascists confronting them on the south would have made a battleground —so it is argued—of another gallant little Belgium. By bombarding the Socialists, Chancellor Dollfuss thus kept everybody else at a safe distance.

There is, however, the question whether the rest of the world is to become Austrian, and as we pursue the inquiry, we are conscious of a strange sensation. All of us have heard of the wayfarer who, lost in the forest, walks onward, sure that sometime he will get somewhere. Suddenly he arrives at a stone, a tree, a pool of water that seems to be familiar. Can it be that he has been moving all day in a circle—that, starting west, his face is now turned to the east? It is not "new forms" that greet him. He has returned, without knowing it, to the place whence he started.

In an era of transition, as men believed it to be, lived Shakespeare, and the Elizabethans were convinced that they were getting somewhere. But the wisest of Shakespeare's clowns talked of time as a whirligig. The hands of the clock, like the sails of Don Quixote's windmill, whisk us round and round and leave us precisely where we were.

We can imagine Cavour and Mazzini turning in their graves and muttering, "Why bother us over that old stuff! We have known it all our lives." Metternich, on his side, would remark, "Clearly, I am not quite so dead and buried as a magnificent funeral, which I greatly appreciated at the time, led me to believe. That, my dear Dollfuss, is the kind of constitution that, in the day when congresses danced in Vienna, we used to write over breakfast in bed."

The constitution of Austria may be described as the constitution of Europe herself after the Battle of Waterloo. It is the constitution that broke down in France when, in 1830, King Charles X fled to England. It is the constitution that broke down in Turin and Naples when Italy achieved her *risorgimento*. It is the constitution from which, in 1848, the liberals of Germany fled to the United States.

IV

To Chancellor Dollfuss, it may be no disadvantage that his constitution follows precedent. Why should not history repeat herself? Has not democracy been tried? Has it not failed? Let us be thankful that there are still Bourbons among us whose principles are to learn nothing and to forget nothing.

The constitution of Austria thus omits the one fatal phrase that, by a slip of the tongue, Abraham Lincoln introduced into his otherwise admirable address at Gettysburg. It is government of the people. It is government for the people. But it is not government by the people.

Politely but firmly, representative institutions are obliterated. Nobody votes for anybody, nobody has a right to vote against him. The people may approve of the laws. They may disapprove. In either event, their sole duty is to obey, and obedience includes the payment of taxes for purposes on which the citizen, who has to find the money, has no right to express an opinion.

The constitution of Austria has thus the great merit of simplicity. It consists of a Council of State, sitting in

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secret and composed of forty to fifty members, nominated by the sovereign head of the country, whoever he may be. There are three assistant councils also sitting in secret. The first is drawn from the clergy and representatives of the Roman Catholic Church. It deals with "culture." The second represents industrialists, bankers, the learned professions and civil servants. Its field is economics. The third council handles local affairs. It includes governors of provinces and their financial advisers.

For the duty of promulgating decisions, a Federal Chamber, composed of delegates from the first four bodies, has been constituted. Its few sittings will be public. But those sittings will be entirely ceremonial. Interpellations, criticisms and amendments to legislation will be out of order. Measures will be submitted to the Chamber and, there and then, voted upon, without debate. As the delegates to the Chamber are themselves responsible for elaborating the measures on which they vote, it is assumed that the procedure, like the royal assent in Great Britain, will be wholly formal.

One pinnacle only remains to be added to the edifice and it happens to be the highest. If King Charles I were running his mild and magnificent eye over this pronunciamento, he would look up a little puzzled. "Excellent—excellent, my Lord Stafford—what you would call 'thorough,'" he would remark with enthusiasm, but he would add, a little severely, "Is there not something—we would rather say, some one—whom you have overlooked? What forgotten man, my Lord, is to be the sovereign head of this fortunate and sensible country?"

It is not always remembered that Austria has at the moment what, at the White House, is known as a President and, after patient research, we gather that the illustrious name of this supernumerary in Vienna is Dr. Wilhelm Miklas. Not that he is wholly without an object in life. It is after all something to enjoy the almost unique distinction in Europe of being permitted to appear on public occasions not in military uniform but in a frock coat and a silk hat.

In October, 1931, Dr. Miklas was elected for a term of six years. He can thus resign at any time, in which event —how smoothly it all works out!— Otto, the boy Emperor, would be as available as the boy Emperor of China himself for the throne of his ancestors. With Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, also awaiting a Habsburg to take his place and with Italy prepared to provide the Habsburg princes with corresponding princesses of royal prestige, developments are not impossible; and all that we would ask here is whether the restoration of the Habsburgs is to be included in the "example" —the "new forms"—which the rest of the world is to follow. Are the Hohenzollerns to be again All Highest in Germany? Is a Romanoff to preside over the tomb of Lenin in Moscow? Is King George again to nominate the governors of Rhode Island and Massachusetts and send his Hessians to Bunker Hill? Will there have to be, in due course, a year of revolutions, 1948, similar to 1848, and a second Declaration of Independence, signed not only at Philadelphia but in every capital, the wide world over, where men and women have been denied the right to call their souls their own?

V

In a constitution like that of Austria, there are manifest advantages. Take

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Tammany Hall. It is to Vienna, obviously, that this invaluable but impoverished haunt of generosity should be transferred. There would be no need to organize ward-heelers and riff-raff of that kind. The bullet has resumed its sway over the ballot, and it would be the Boss who appoints the aldermen and the mayors and everybody else. With the press and the radio under a censorship, with the right of public meeting denied, with legislatures suppressed, with secret police watching over all conceivable discontents, the grafter may laugh at the law. He has no need to waive immunity. He is immune, and no Samuel Seabury survives except in a concentration camp, dedicated under a dictatorship to the survival—indeed, the seclusion—of the fittest.

Where the people are illiterate, autocracy is, of course, assured. The trouble arises in those misguided countries where, owing to a lapse in intelligence, education has been allowed to creep in. The citizen is encouraged to absorb the philosophies of the ages. His taste in art is stimulated. He unravels the riddles of science. His spirit soars like a flame into the realms of the imagination. He builds bridges across rivers. He drives tunnels through mountains. But there is one Holy of Holies into which it would be sacrilege for him to enter. Never must he dare to express even the most casual opinion of a bureaucracy, consisting of men no abler, and certainly no more honest than he is himself, whom he employs because there must be somebody to run the affairs of his country.

It was, if we remember aright, the Walrus who said to the Carpenter that, if only seven maids with seven mops could clear away the sand from the seashore, the marine landscape would be greatly improved. Public opinion is also one of those elements in life that some of us could do without. But, like the sand, even public opinion has its uses. Publicity agents use it to build their little sand castles that the tide sweeps away, and it is, broadly, a restraint on injustice. When public opinion is aroused, there is always a reason.

Take capital and labor. The Austrian Economic Council is to sit in secret and preserve a strict impartiality. But that does not alter the fact that it will consist of persons mainly representing capital and almost wholly sympathetic with those who "have." After all, the offense of the Socialists was that they belonged to and spoke for the "have-nots." If labor be excluded from the influences on government, how will labor be treated? It is a very interesting question and even more interesting is the reply of Chancellor Dollfuss.

In the United States, there has been drawn a distinction—admittedly rough and ready, yet divinely authorized—between what we are accustomed to call the sacred and the secular. "Render unto Caesar," we are taught, "the things that are Caesar's, and unto God, the things that are God's." The slogan, therefore, has been "a free church and a free school in a free state," and in effect, that is the basis of citizenship throughout the English-speaking world, and particularly in India where there are many and competing faiths. It has been assumed as a matter of course that Europe, emerging out of medieval traditions, would follow Great Britain in abolishing religious tests and allowing the same status to H. G. Wells as a free thinker, to Lord Reading as a Jew, to Cardinal Bourne as a Roman Catholic, to David Lloyd George as a Baptist, to the Archbishop of Canterbury

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as an Anglican, and—be it added—to Dean Inge.

On the continent of Europe we have seen a different situation. The nations are still convinced that the Deity is of importance—negatively or positively—to sovereignty. On the one hand, there is Soviet Russia, declaring that religion is a narcotic of the people and fostering godless leagues. On the other hand, there is an endeavor to restore theocracy.

Chancellor Dollfuss has no need to seek support of public opinion. Like Savonarola, thundering prophecies from his pulpit, he relies on a more stupendous sanction. Any little uneasiness that there may be over the "new forms" is alleviated by the declaration that the plan is known to "emanate from God Almighty." For it has never been easy to argue with Mount Sinai. The Ten Commandments usually end a discussion.

Anybody who opposes anything that is done under the Austrian Constitution is thus faced, not merely by Chancellor Dollfuss—though remarks on his stature are now *lèse majesté*—but by the disapproval of that Universal Mind which, through eternal ages, created and maintained the illimitable universe. Oppose an injustice, expose a fraud, assert a right, and it is blasphemy. Every official of the Government, whatever his position, his motives, his character, his greed, his prejudices, his malevolence, is an agent of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, to whose infallibility—to whose peculations, if such there be—the wisest and the most honest of private citizens must submit as an act of personal piety, to be withheld at peril of eternal punishment.

To express a personal opinion on such a situation would be preposterous. We must "wait and see"—as Asquith used to say—how it works out. If we are to have autocracy, we would certainly prefer the rule of the church, with its profound vision of the universals, to the crude experimentation of a half-baked atheism. After all, the church does give us music and architecture and reverence in art and a literature that is so well worth reading that it endures through the ages.

On the other hand, we say frankly that, as it seems to us, the church is greatest when it seeks and accepts no privileges from the state. We prefer the spiritual splendor of Catholicism in the English-speaking world to the political downfall of the Papal States. It is all very well for Chancellor Dollfuss to say that "freedom of conscience must be guaranteed to every man." He also says that society must be defended against "those who follow false prophets." Who are the false prophets? John Wesley? George Fox? Dwight L. Moody? Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador? Some of the false prophets have rendered service to mankind.

The victory over falsity is not to be won by force—only by faith. There is one way and only one way of counteracting a lie. It is to spread the truth.

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Sand-Shakers in the People's Forum

By Richard Lee Strout

Why do we put up with this archaic Senate of ours?

It is a crowded day in the Senate. Look down from your gallery seat on the men below. Even the most casual observer recognizes in a moment many a face constantly portrayed in picture and caricature over the land. That leonine head there, it goes with the name of William Edgar Borah—Senator-at-large for the United States! There goes Huey Long—what loud clothes he wears!—the crowds that jam the public galleries crane their necks to see *him*. The jump between Long and Borah is the full measure of the extraordinary diversity of personality and outlook which the nation back yonder—which sends both Borah and Long to this Senate chamber—represents.

The legislative spokesmen below the galleries reflect, in truth, the contrasts of the nation at large. Here is the conservative contingent from New England, dressed in orthodoxy, from clothes to ideas; here again is the refulgent J. Hamilton Lewis, sartorially superb, whose oddly tinted whiskers (they are not really pink) come, of all places, from Chicago! There is Mr. Garner, too, ensconced on his throne, Texas Triumphant, looking, with his ruddy cheeks and enormous white eyebrows, like a magnificently successful caricature of himself.

Some of the others are not so well known, but your real Senate gallery god, of whom there are many, recognizes them at once. There is for example, the brooding Hiram Johnson, with his double-breasted coat and white-piped waistcoat; James Couzens, English-born and truculent as a son of John Bull; tall Henrik Shipstead, erstwhile dentist, bringing a breath of liberalism and a Swedish accent from the Minnesota wheat fields as the sole Farmer-Laborite; Copeland, with his carnation; Wagner, with his comfortable smile; Bronson Cutting with his white forelock and lisp (who discussed "spiwitual aspe-wation" and "twiple wesponsibility" in last year's Philippine debate); big-fisted, burly Joe Robinson, Democratic leader, who sits massive and immobile till the time comes to settle a question, when he settles it; Elmer Thomas, inflationist, tall, handsome, humorless; falcon-faced Carter Glass, most beloved man in the Senate, drawling financial wisdom from the side of his mouth ("Think," said

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Woodrow Wilson, "what Glass would say if he used his whole mouth!"); monosyllabic Mrs. Caraway, in widow's weeds; Burton K. Wheeler, silverite, gesticulating with the slenderest fingers in Congress; the two blind Senators, Gore and Schall; Logan of the Kentucky Logans and Hatfield of the West Virginia Hatfields; boyish Black, Nye and La Follette; breezy Tom Connally; courtly Ashurst; school-teacherish Fess; George Norris, best parliamentarian in the Senate; David Reed, ablest conservative, who would probably end up as Prime Minister and Tory Peer in England; Harry Byrd, whose brother is at the South Pole (or is it the North this time?); charming Key Pittman, from pocket-borough Nevada (a State with 90,000 people and two Senators); genial Barkley, ducal Goldsborough, "Squire" Dickinson—the list might be prolonged and yet not include such obvious celebrities as Pat Harrison, William G. McAdoo, Arthur Capper and the like.

First and last, the Senate makes a good show, for those who like it; and like all performances, the relish is in knowing in advance the foibles, the background, the aspirations and the prejudices of the actors on the stage below. The Senate gallery votary knows these men, their weaknesses and their capacities; and he can tell when they are running true to form or rising above average, much as does the football bystander, or Grand Opera first-nighter.

These observers know the nuances of the Senate. They know the rules of procedure, and this is important, because the rules in many Senate discussions are half the battle. They know that if the Senate *adjourns* there will be a Chaplain's prayer next day, and "morning hour," and that if it *recesses* there will be neither; they know why the advocates and not the opponents of a measure "move to reconsider" legislation after they have once successfully passed it; they know the meaning of the searchlight that sometimes burns at night on the flag still flying above the Senate wing of the great Capitol; they have ridden on the mono-rail subway that carries Senators, clerks, reporters and all and sundry from the basement of the Senate chamber over to the Senate Office Building, right under the feet of the oblivious Easter tourists; they are accustomed to senatorial condescension too, perhaps, which addresses as "boys" newspaper correspondents and attachés older than the Senator's father; they can tell to a nicety (and this is the result of years of experience) when a Senator is talking to the folks back home, when to his fellow Senators, and when merely through his hat; they know which Senators are angling for New Deal posts, and which for Legion votes. They know these things—sometimes better than do the Senators themselves.

II

The big scenes in the Senate often come unexpectedly. This is because the Senate customarily ignores those limits on time and relevancy which are the bugbear of less leisurely legislatures of other lands, with their bourgeois habit of running according to schedule. The Senate has its own moods and humors. Sometimes it will be long-winded and verbose; sometimes it will be savage, as when it punished William P. MacCracken and Colonel Brittin for contempt; sometimes brisk and business-like; sometimes, when it has nothing better to do, it will abandon itself to boyish repartee; or, on the other hand,

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it will give way to a succession of violent partisan speeches accompanied by a running fire of personalities and piquant retorts. Such a day occurred recently, precipitated by Senators Townsend and Robinson of Indiana, Republicans, who shook their heads glumly over the New Deal until the Democratic leaders, Joe Robinson, McKellar, Barkley and the courtly Mr. Lewis went into action one after another in rebuttal, to the whizzing of verbal missiles, the accompanying barking of Huey Long, and the consequent entanglement of other of the little band of loyal Republicans, McNary, Hebert, Fess and Reed, in the combat.

The verbal fireworks in the Senate are all the more acceptable to the gallery gods because of this unpredictability. A stir goes through the audience on such occasions. It is the same stir that ruffles the bleachers when Babe Ruth goes to bat; yes, the stir that fluttered King Arthur's Court, one supposes, when one of the really Big Shots—Launcelot, Tristram, Galahad—bore down in the press of the tournament on another Grade A hero! Then the sparks and hide flew, and the attendant Camelot pages chattered about it for weeks afterwards. So in the Senate session, the oratorical duels, when they come, are keenly relished.

A session or so ago, two of the best speakers in the Senate had a brief clash —almost a personal tiff—that hardly got into the newspapers, but that is still a source of comment among the gallery gossips. Because the event illustrated something in Senate procedure, it is worth recalling. Mr. Borah is perhaps the best speaker in the Senate—at least, when he is dealing with a matter within his own particular orbit; and his words are the more impressive because he eschews personalities as he does political loyalties, and because his utterances have the added interest of unexpectedness. Probably nobody fires a bigger ball in the Senate, nor so completely demolishes his target, when he scores a direct hit, as the senior Senator from Idaho.

As to Mr. Johnson, the other participant in the row, he is one of the most fluent senatorial speakers, and with many is favorite candidate for oratorical honors. The matter in debate between the two concerned the historic question of Premier Laval's visit to Washington. Mr. Borah had just completed his version of the affair when Mr. Johnson rose and, without to-do, proceeded in the unheard-of act of giving the great Idaho Senator a verbal spanking! It can only be said that few other members of the chamber would have hazarded this dangerous move. No final judgment can be passed as to which emerged victor in the encounter that followed; but nobody who saw the scene with an appreciative eye or witnessed the two senatorial mastodons lashing each other with rhetorical sallies can regard lesser duels with the same feeling in future.

It is not because of the issue itself, but because such individual duels as this are, on the whole, so uncommon in the Senate that the incident is worth recalling. In England, on the other hand, such clashes are the normal run of things. They occur between leaders of the rival parties, and over matters of major national concern. Front Bench members, under the parliamentary system, constantly meet and return the assaults of the Opposition. The Prime Minister is there, as it were, as the watchful champion of his party and must either pick up any gage of battle

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that is thrown down or see that it is picked up by one of his lieutenants. We have Ramsay MacDonald clashing with Mr. Lloyd George; Mr. Stanley Baldwin answering Mr. George Lansbury—the whole machinery of the legislature built up round the central idea of giving a few party leaders responsible power and then of bringing these leaders into direct and constant verbal exchange with one another, for the edification of their fellows and the illumination of the voting public.

In the loosely organized congressional government this result is accomplished only on a sort of haphazard and random basis. The Senate onlooker has to put up with hours and sometimes days of lengthy speeches before getting any of the zest and sparkle of real, face-to-face argument. The long-past Johnson-Borah tiff had many of the elements which make the House of Commons recurrently exciting; they were the best speakers in the house and they were in earnest about what they were saying; but in the American example, the two men were discussing personal matters, both were nominal members of the same political organization, both were about equally irregular as to that organization, and when the incident was all over, no matter of great public concern had been vividly dramatized.

The failure to bring political debate sharply and regularly into focus undoubtedly has an effect in reducing interest in politics and public issues over the whole country. Just at present, of course, the Republican representation is so small as hardly to offer effective opposition; but even in the best of times the absence of party discipline and the looseness of Senate rules of debate makes effective face-to-face debate comparatively rare. Perhaps the average American's mild interest in politics comes from the failure of great speakers to dramatize great issues by their own personalities in the Senate. At any rate, the Senate gallery frequenter must regretfully admit that, for all his love of the chamber, speakers only too often go off at half-cock and at random; that the absence of cloture and strict rules as to relevancy of remarks plays havoc with dramatic interest, and that only too often a gage of battle is thrown down, not to say a couple of gages, only to be forgotten in the long-winded harangue of a political nonentity on some subject having nothing to do with the case.

III

Even as the casual visitor first looks down on the Senate scene he may be conscious of a certain effect of relaxation and easy-going deportment. It is a square hall, the Senate chamber, with a glass ceiling, through which shine soft lights. The walls are mauve, the carpets green, and there are four semi-circles of desks rising slightly from front to back, and cut by a central aisle. This runs up to the dais where the Vice-President presides. Steps lead up the dais, and the brass molding which fastens the carpet here catches the highlights of the spacious room. From above, the visitor at first is conscious of a sort of confused, checker-board effect made up of paper-littered desk tops, bald heads and patches of carpet. Small boys are darting here and there. From somewhere a voice drones endlessly on. . . .

That may be the scene as the outsider first catches it. He looks down in an attempt to analyze the situation. He knows in a vague sort of way that down there one side is pitted against the other side, and that the central legislative

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aisle divides the two parties. How uncommonly shrunk that farther side, representing the remnant of Republicans, is, to be sure! The stranger would like to simplify the scene below into the logical conception of two teams, playing against one another under their own captains, and with a single ball. But he is trying to simplify the complex and multitudinous aspirations of a sprawling, gigantic empire, and the Senate will not yield to any such summary treatment. This is a game of political football in which the sides are scattered indiscriminately about the field, with players carrying the ball first for one side and then the other. It is football with a dozen balls simultaneously in play, and a track meet and hockey match going on at the same time!

If a casual visitor can sit through a day of it and understand half that is going on he will do very well indeed. Yet even the untutored visitor can catch the atmosphere of the American Senate without foreknowledge. Here is a Senator reading his newspaper, as the voice drones on. Here is another, immersed in opening his afternoon mail. Half the seats are empty. The voice itself is finally located; it comes from a listless Senator who is reading from a manuscript. His words flow on and on. He is delivering a set speech; it is already printed and in the hands of reporters, but, for the purposes of record, he is reciting it verbally to the yawning chamber. Sometimes the voice is so low as to be inaudible even to the sprinkling of Senators on the floor.

The visitor wonders why the Senator does not simply insert the manuscript into the Congressional Record, where it will appear later, anyhow. He wonders why so many Senators are absent. First and last he wonders about a number of things, and pretty shortly thereafter probably beats a hasty retreat, still wondering. Well, he has seen the Senate; he has got that over; now he can tell little Lucy, in the Civics class back home, all about it. What comes next in his *Guide to Washington*? . . .

Scenes like that make one understand why Huey Long of Louisiana, with all his faults, is not unpopular with the gallery. Huey always puts on a good show. He livens things up. Sometimes, looking down on that ceaselessly moving figure, one has more than a trace of sympathy for Huey. He squirms in his Senate seat like a boy at church. Now he is on his feet, and the galleries crane forward. In a minute they are grinning broadly. Often, it appears, Huey speaks out of sheer boredom. At any rate, he gets a considerable amount of exercise from the performance. He is gesticulating, gymnastic! He moves about the floor. In the midst of last year's filibuster against the Glass banking bill he waved his hands, his arms, his head and body, somewhat after the manner of an old-fashioned camp-meeting revivalist. Huey belongs to the contortionist school of eloquence. His voice is loud, and the galleries approve this—at any rate they can always hear what he says. His words are colloquial, funny. The presiding officer warns the galleries to preserve order. The recollection of that anti-Glass filibuster is imperishable. Deserted in the midst of Huey's eloquence, the hawk-faced little Carter Glass sat there, wearing an enigmatic smile, ceaselessly waiting for the torrent of the Louisianan's words to subside. For days he waited. Ever after he has referred to Huey as "that person"! His faint smile as he regarded Mr. Long really expressed a degree of feeling so far transcending mere contempt

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as to require another epithet to describe it.

The random visitor may stumble on such contrasting scenes as the foregoing. Who can describe the real Senate? A group of rather strikingly individualized men, somewhat past the middle of life, hardly to be distinguished in attire from the contemporary assemblage of the local Lions Club, yet all with something vaguely senatorial about them—this is the view that the visitor gets.

IV

Like the casual demeanor of the Senators, the appearance of surrounding attendants is easy and informal. There is no Gold Mace of authority here, as in the House of Commons. The presiding officer does not wear a robe and periwig, nor do the doorkeepers sport knee-breeches. There are antiques in the Senate, but these run to archaic rules of procedure, senatorial privilege and the like and are invisible; the dress is modern and up-to-date. The Senate ushers are not a hundredth part as dapper, say, as the attendants of Roxy's Theatre. They are frequently long-whiskered, slouching individuals who give a general impression of having Relatives in the Party.

There is a certain uniformity of costume in the clothing of senatorial pages —eight or ten small boys in blue serge suits and knickers and comfortable soft collars. In the summer months they doff their coats. They sit on the steps of the Vice-President's platform with demureness, and curb with a considerable degree of self-restraint the normal impulses of small boys, while answering promptly enough when one of the Senators snaps his fingers or claps his hands. They do, apparently, feel some of the weight of their position, for they may be seen to make a ducking obeisance as they run across the well of the chamber dodging under the hand of a gesticulating Solon, or cutting across the line of vision of conversing sages.

Though there is nothing in the Senate chamber to compare with the ornate collection of romantic costumes and stage-settings of the British House of Lords, or of the Commons, there are nevertheless a few signs of ancient usage that may be picked out by the careful observer. Take such a simple thing, say, as the equipment on each Senator's flat-topped desk. This includes a silver-stoppered glass jar, sunk into the wood, beside the inkwell. To the untutored, this looks like a second inkwell, but it is nothing of the kind; it is a jar meticulously filled with a mixture of high grade sand and iron-filings for the archaic purpose of drying newly written paper. It is the old-fashioned sand-shaker with which our forefathers sprinkled their sheets before blotting-paper was invented; while the addition of the iron-filings is probably a new-fangled Yankee notion, incorporated at some time in the past century, to facilitate the primitive blotting method, for iron-filings have a peculiar affinity for ink.

In another instance in the Senate there is a curious old-fashioned survival, consisting of certain small lacquered boxes placed in niches at either side of the Vice-President's end of the chamber and filled with choice Copenhagen snuff. The boxes are about the size of ordinary spectacle cases. Does anybody in the Senate use snuff today? Not so far as can be ascertained, but in their humble way they represent a tradition of the Senate, and in lieu of more spectacular finery they link the democratic assemblage with the romantic past. In

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the Supreme Court chamber, only a few steps farther down the central hall of the Capitol, the august jurists still provide visiting barristers with quill pens, but this is one item which progress has swept out of the Senate.

These oddities are all that the Senate has of visible symbols to match against the splendid anachronisms which make the British House of Peers a show for the eye as well as a legislative assembly. But on the other hand, the American Senate has in its archaic rules of procedure and "senatorial privilege" such antiques and heirlooms as would make the centuries-old House of Lords blush for its modernity! Still in the Senate, alone among great legislative bodies of the world, any member, at any time, can get up and speak for any number of minutes, hours, days on any subject, practically without restraint. What has England in its Gold Mace, its Changing of the Guard, its Wool Sack, to match with this?

Every so often a move to reform the Senate's rules makes some headway, and then eventually fades out and disappears. The reason is probably because even these vestigial relics of the past have a purpose which is not instantly apparent to the casual on-looker. A good many Senators seem to harbor an affection for the rules simply because they are so quaintly absurd. Loose as Senate rules are, they declare, the body usually gets its work done under them. Other Senators have a more comprehensive explanation for the persistency of the old customs.

Look down on the Senate chamber, they say. This body down below is no mere petty parliament for a minor province which is bounded by the next range of hills. It is the legislative hall for what is, in reality, a vast empire stretching across rivers, prairies and mountains, and embracing the greatest democracy on earth. The men below represent an immediate diversity of geography, citizens and interests such as no other nation, unless it be Russia, can show. It is as though Canada, India, South Africa, Ireland and rural Britain were all jumbled together. Englishmen sometimes speak with a certain condescension of the faults of the American government. What a time the House of Commons would have in governing a country of like diversity!

These Senators are representatives of the whole people, in one sense, it is true; but at the same time they are also ambassadors of separate, princely States. They can not be too much hurried, for the States from which they come can not be too much hurried. It is too big a land to attain its goal in a day; it must move forward, frequently, on the safe path of compromise, over the bridge of least resistance.

And so the casual gallery observer, fresh from New England or the Far West, or the Deep South, certain in his own mind precisely what the country needs, frequently fumes over the stupidity and obstinacy of the Senate. The visitor is not aware that his particular solution to a problem might be anathema to another region. Only after prolonged observation is he, perhaps, made aware that something more than mere majority rule is required when the problem reaches such tremendous proportions as the rule of America. Only then does he admit that, sometimes, the absence of strict cloture, in spite of all consequent absurdities, is a safety valve for the engines of this vast Ship of State.

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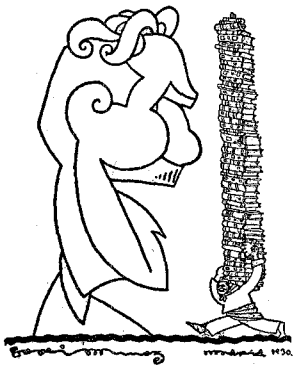
The Literary Landscape

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



The spring book season now rises to its climax, and in a few weeks will have fallen away into the quiet of summer. With the books in sight added to those that have already appeared, it becomes obvious that there has been no lack of good stuff; we have been well supplied both with books about our troubles and the remedies therefor, and books designed to make us forget we have troubles.

In fiction, the domestic output has been interesting rather than very distinguished, although such novels as MacKinlay Kantor's *Long Remember* (Coward-McCann), Arthur Pound's *Once a Wilderness* (Reynal and Hitchcock), James M. Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (Knopf), Frances Renard's *Ridgeways* (Stokes) and F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night* (Scribner) indicate that we are not suffering from a lack of talent.

In this list we have both wide variety in theme and method, and in time. Mr. Kantor and Mr. Pound have dipped successfully into the past, the first recreating the battle of Gettysburg from the point of view of a non-participating pacifist, and the second bringing back to life the patriarchal-agrarian phase of American life in the Middle West, which, despite the fact that the book is laid within the early years of this century, seems as remote from us as early Egypt.

An Old Interest

Mr. Kantor says his interest in Gettysburg was aroused by some pictures left at his home after a call by an itinerant book agent, and that he dreamed about the battle until it just had to be put into a book. It is a very fine book indeed, vivid and poignant, a book that brings a battle down to the terms of human suffering and makes it live once more not merely as a crisis in history, but as a place where people were torn to bits in one of the most desperate struggles that has ever taken place in all the sad history of mankind.

It has, to the Landscaper at any rate, one or two faults; for one thing the battle never focuses, although Mr. Kantor knows all there is to know about it; the picture as a picture never comes clear and sharp. And, as some reviewers have said, there is a fundamental contradiction in writing about such a battle as Gettysburg from the pacifist angle; the danger is that the incredible courage displayed on both sides will be lost sight of, or too much minimized. With these reservations, which only indicate that an excellent book is not perfect, *Long Remember* is a three-star recommendation.

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The Old America

Mr. Pound writes of the days when a man was a man, and when life was so designed as to feed masculine vanity on a steady diet of nourishing food that kept the ego in perfect condition. In other words, the farmer in his book was a vigorously masculine fellow who knew his job, self-contained and independent. He saw the dawning of our own age and even bought an automobile, but when a friend tried to persuade him to invest in one of the early motor car companies, he said he didn't believe in "paper stocks."

It is possible to read a good many things into Mr. Pound's book as a commentary on a changing American civilization, but disregarding its possible significance, it is a good story, and one that will have a sure appeal to those people who have lived through the incredibly shifting panorama of this century.

Mr. Cain's novel, already commented upon here, is about contemporary America. It has its own sort of violence and brutality; its direct and centre-fire technique. Some people do not like it because its people are inconsequential, which is a legitimate objection, but it is extremely well done, and it is a piece of our present civilization, whether we like it or not.

Miss Renard's *Ridgeways* is a sound and well written novel of the rise and fall of a Kentucky family, which is also typically American. It is a good example of the regional novel and mentioned here not only because of its distinguished quality, but also because it indicates that this type of book remains in favor, and will inevitably go on, as the whole story of this continent is told bit by bit.

Americans Abroad

Mr. Fitzgerald's book, aside from the particular interest it will have for admirers of *The Great Gatsby*, which, incidentally, will have the honor of appearing in a Modern Library edition this autumn, is concerned with Post-War Americans abroad, people who succeed for one reason or another in making messes of their lives.

The central situation is this: A handsome and charming young American psychiatrist meets at the end of the World War a lovely young American girl in a Swiss sanitarium, just as she is beginning to come out of an attack of schizophrenia, caused by an incestuous relationship. They fall in love and marry; the girl is very wealthy and her wealth, plus the incessant strain upon her doctor-husband of guarding against a return of her malady, eventually smashes him.

The final estimate of the book will rest, one supposes, upon how real and how touching this tragedy is to the reader. Opinions vary widely; all the Landscaper can say on the point is that the book gave him a nightmare, which, as the play reviewer said about sleeping in the theatre, is a form of criticism, too. The spectacle of the utter disintegration of a group of people, if it is believed at all, must be moving and saddening, and this is what Mr. Fitzgerald offers.

But there are other things to be said about the novel. Mr. Fitzgerald is a story teller of great skill, and he writes with consistent brilliance. In other words, the book is very definitely and consistently entertaining. There is much more that might be said for and against, which is the best proof that we are dealing with something of genuine importance; most novels do not offer the basis

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for a mild disagreement, much less the kind of violent arguments that have been going on about *Tender Is the Night.*

It ought to be read, at any rate, otherwise the reader will miss a good and important piece of work, which, even though it is somewhat disappointing in that it shows little or no philosophical advance from *The Great Gatsby,* is still a book of rare talent. In other words, as anybody should have known from the earlier work of this author, he is a novelist and a writer, and Heaven knows few enough of the people who turn out fiction are either.

Others of Less Moment

Some of the remaining novels and short stories by Americans are Fannie Hurst's *Anitra's Dance* (Harper); Philip Wylie's *Finnley Wren* (Farrar and Rinehart); Samuel Hopkins Adams's *The Gorgeous Hussy* (Houghton Mifflin); Louis Bromfield's *Here Today and Gone Tomorrow* (Harper); and William Faulkner's *Dr. Martino and Other Stories* (Smith and Haas).

Miss Hurst's novel deals with the fortunes of a musical family in New York; it is a characteristic work in every respect, style, plot and all the rest, and will give pleasure to those who like what its author has to offer. Philip Wylie's *Finnley Wren* is a self-conscious attempt to write a novel in the Sterne-Rabelais traditions—it has no trace of either—about a dissatisfied and unhappy American advertising man.

It is full of typographical tricks, such as printing AND and SO in letters that fill a page, a hand of bridge inserted in color, and so on. It is a talented *tour de force,* sometimes amusing, sometimes shocking and horrifying, and sometimes annoying. It has been called a "great novel," which the Landscaper will swear it is not. Mr. Wylie might write a good novel if he could forget his tricks and also forget what a lot of rubbish is being written in this age; his word for the contemporary literary output is "myopic twaddle." Right or wrong, *Finnley Wren* will do little to lift the average.

Mr. Adams's long historical novel about Peggy O'Neale Eaton is full of color and movement and is very readable. The subject was made to order, the careless and lovely Peggy being one of the few really glamorous women in the history of this country.

Some Shorter Pieces

Mr. Bromfield's four novelettes are out of the *Cosmopolitan,* which bit of information is a tabloid review in itself; they are slick and neat and empty, first-class potboilers that will disappoint any one who is looking for the Bromfield of *The Farm* and the earlier novels. Mr. Faulkner's collection of stories has some good ones in it, and some pretty poor ones; the average is hardly so high as in *Thirteen Tales.* But there are three or four that are good to read and also good as examples of the author's peculiar talents.

Of recent fiction from the outside world, the Landscaper's first choice would be a very odd book called *Seven Gothic Tales* (Smith and Haas), by a Danish woman who writes under the pseudonym of Isak Dinesen, but whose work is done in English. Here are seven novelettes whose flavor is finally their own, although it is possible to recognize some of the elements in the blend. They are in the Romantic tradition, with more than a dash of hardness and

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sophistication; unicorns walk across lawns dappled with sunlight and ancient homosexuals carry on affairs with beautiful young boys, the abbess of a convent assists at a seduction and a cardinal turns out to be the cardinal's evil valet, and so on.

A difficult book to describe, which the publishers probably realized when they had Dorothy Canfield do an Introduction, which is not only a charming essay in itself, but which will serve admirably as a sample; that is, it catches the essential quality of the stories and lets you know whether the book is for you or not.

It is excellent story-telling, at any rate, which, if the reader is willing, has the power to transport to another world, both like and unlike our own. People who care for this book like it without many reservations, so the Landscaper insists that it deserves trying.

A Wide Variety

Other good novels by foreigners include Lion Feuchtwanger's story of a German-Jewish family under the Nazi Terror, *The Oppermanns* (Viking), by far the best fictional treatment of this tragedy that has yet been published; D. L. Murray's *Trumpeter Sound!* (Knopf), frank and unashamed historical romance out of the Victorian period skilfully handled; Phyllis Bottome's *Private Worlds* (Houghton Mifflin), a quadrangular love story laid in a modern sanitarium for mental diseases, which involves two men psychiatrists and their woman assistant, and one woman outside the profession; and Stella Gibbons's *Bassett* (Longmans, Green), a delightfully satirical novel by a new writer who burst upon a waiting world last year with *Cold Comfort Farm*, a perfectly devastating take-off on farm novels.

Miss Bottome's plot is conventional enough, but she sets out to show that psychiatrists' responses to life are different only qualitatively from those of the insane, which she does very well. Her book is both interesting and valuable as a picture of a mental hospital of this century; she writes with knowledge and understanding.

Miss Gibbons is a woman of wit who ought to be known about. The present book is not perfect in its structure by any means, but it is charmingly malicious, and keenly and subtly satirical. The portrait of the nature-writer, Christopher Mildmay, is more than worth the price of admission; Mildmay writes stories about badgers, which he calls "Brother Brock," and which bring him in large sums from the animalarian English public.

Overlooked Novels

Not long ago Harper's brought out a new edition of Stanley Hopkins's remarkably fine novel of a family of decaying Southern women called *The Ladies*, which the Landscaper missed last autumn, but which he hereby takes great delight in recommending as heartily as possible. It belongs to a long list of good, but neglected books, among which, sad to relate, is the prize proletarian novel of the present season, the story of a textile strike, *The Shadow Before* (McBride) by William Rollins, Jr.

The Landscaper is not now recommending Mr. Rollins's book because it is proletarian, God forbid, but because it is a good novel in spite of some obvious flaws, and because it gives an excellent idea of what happens during a modern American strike.

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Also, before we pass on to non-fiction, a word should be said for Henry Justin Smith's newspaper stories, *Deadlines* and *Josslyn*, which have been reissued in one volume by Sterling North of Chicago. These are the best stories about newspapers and newspaper men that have been written in America, and they have other merits besides their subject matter. The author is managing editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, a journalist who believes in his job, and loves it; if he had loved it less he would almost certainly have had a distinguished literary career.

About the New Deal

Of most immediate interest to American readers among the new non-fiction books are three volumes which deal with the present Administration's plans, policies and personalities. These are: *The New Dealers*, by The Unofficial Observer (Simon and Schuster, $2.75); *On Our Way*, by Franklin D. Roosevelt (John Day); and *The Roosevelt Year*, a book of photographs edited by Pare Lorentz (Funk and Wagnalls).

The first is a sort of *Mirrors of Washington*, made up of close looks at the people who are running the New Deal. The book is candid and critical, sometimes gossipy, but altogether friendly to President Roosevelt and to what he is trying to do. The author—or authors, since there is a good deal of evidence that the book is the work of a syndicate rather than of one person—believes we have had a revolution and are now on our way to something like collectivism on Christian principles.

It has been, says The Unofficial Observer, a "laughing revolution," that hasn't hurt a soul. Of course, there is usually a joke behind a laugh, and the Observer seems to have failed to consider that the joke more or less has to be on somebody. As a matter of fact, whatever political philosophy there is in the book seems to the Landscaper pretty goofy, especially the praise ladled out to such politicians as Farley and Flynn, but this does not mean that the close-ups are any the less entertaining.

One gathers the impression from the book that Washington is at present the most magnificent three-ring circus in existence, and *The New Dealers* is a choice front-row seat. It is a delightful book to read, and filled with information as well.

A Gentle Revolution

President Roosevelt agrees with the Observer about the revolution; in a brief introduction to *On Our Way*, which is a collection of messages, speeches, and other state papers covering the first year of the New Deal, he suggests that perhaps we have had a revolution, but that if anything of the kind has taken place, what we have now is neither communism nor fascism, but a safe middle ground of idealistic experimentation, with the laboratory work carried on well within the original principles of government of this country.

The President goes on to point out, as others have suggested, that the New Deal is a sort of combination of Theodore Roosevelt's Square Deal and Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom. Considering what happened to both the Square Deal and the New Freedom, this might better have been left unsaid; it is an indication of the extreme and unshakable optimism of the man who said it.

His book seems to this cynical ob-

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server very far removed from reality more than once. He believes there has been a change in the general moral level of the country since the "revolution," and is sure we can go on in the same direction. It seems to the Landscaper that if there has been any permanent change for the better, we shall only know it after the emergency has passed. "The devil sick," etc., is perfect in its application; it is quite conceivable that we haven't had a revolution at all, merely a severe emergency. . . .

There is little or nothing new in *On Our Way*, but it is valuable for reference. It makes no clear picture of the New Deal, probably because no clear picture can be made of a series of constantly changing and shifting experiments. The President is cheered and hopeful and determined; at least we have this to console us.

Progress and Fan Dances

The point of Mr. Lorentz's well-edited picture-book seems to be that while the New Deal was getting under way we were still acting in the main as if the Old Deal had never been abrogated. For example, that beautifully titled fair in Chicago, the Century of Progress, found Sally Rand's fan dance its most exciting exhibit. Eons of "progress," and the public still responds to the most ancient lure of all!

It was a most eventful period, from January, 1933, down to March of this year, a period of lynchings—remember San Jose and Governor Rolfe—of kidnappings, of closed banks and banks reopened, of labor struggles not of any gentle variety, of a rising stock market, of disaster in the air, the Akron and the army air-mail flyers, and so on, and all these things and many more are in *The Roosevelt Year*. The text is brief and intelligently written, and the pictures are arranged with some respect for continuity and coherence. This is a book that will grow in interest and value with the passing years.

Norman Thomas's *The Choice Before Us* (Macmillan, $2.50) would be a good book to read along with the three just reviewed. Mr. Thomas has many pertinent things to say upon a variety of topics, his main thesis being that the only thing which can prevent us from going Fascist is the establishment of a coöperative commonwealth. He thinks the choice must be made very quickly and then admits that a tremendous amount of education will have to be done before his mild type of socialism could be adopted, so that practically the plan seems doomed from the outset.

Nor is it necessary to agree with Mr. Thomas that the alternatives are so limited; it seems more likely to the Landscaper that we shall either go back to pure capitalism and therefore go bust again within a limited period, or what is more likely, that we shall have a state-regulated capitalism, with checks and balances that will make the system slightly more satisfactory and booms and depressions slightly less inevitable and less severe. This is an agreeable topic upon which it would be a pleasure to write at length, if space permitted, but the point is that Mr. Thomas is here, as always, a useful, intelligent, frank critic, who writes very well, and who can see very clearly what is wrong with the other fellow.

A Marxian Exegesis

Readers who are interested in this question of what the future is likely to bring will find G. D. H. Cole's *What Marx Really Meant* (Knopf, $2.50)

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one of the most valuable books that has been published for a long time because it is realistic in its point of view, and because Mr. Cole sketches, without mentioning the United States at all, an intermediate phase of capitalism which Marx never dreamed of, and which at the same time sounds very much like the next form our own economic system is likely to take.

Mr. Cole is an unorthodox Marxist —his own philosophy is closer to that of the Fabian Socialists than to Moscow— because he does not believe that St. Karl was able to envisage the world as it is today and to lay down hard-and-fast rules about it. He prefers to take the dialectic and use it as a set of guiding principles. The result is a very clearly written and carefully thought-out book, which will not, one presumes, please the proletarians who believe the end of their deadly enemy is both inevitable and in sight. Mr. Cole suggests that neither is necessarily true.

Mr. Chase's Utopia

Stuart Chase's *The Economy of Abundance* (Macmillan, $2.50) gives a picture of what the economic future may be like, but refuses to realize that we can not have such profound changes in the economic system without equally sweeping alterations in the political structure. His would be an admirable book to read along with Thomas and Cole. For the Landscaper, Mr. Chase is welcome to his Utopia of Technocracy and Douglas-plan Social Credit; it sounds both impossible and disagreeable.

The Technocrats' famous guarantee of the equivalent of a minimum income of $20,000 to every American family has been scaled down by Mr. Chase to $6,000, by exactly what process it is hard to say. Whenever the millennium dawns, the Landscaper will settle for twenty-five per cent of the $6,000 and go to Spain, which is certain to remain old-fashioned the rest of this century. This would save money for the Utopians, and also remove an obnoxious and unhappy person from their Paradise.

But joking aside, despite Mr. Chase's tendency to string together other men's ideas, credited, of course, but not always digested, he writes vividly and entertainingly and his glimpses of the future have their fascination.

A Fine Biography

Departing temporarily at least from these serious matters, there are a number of recent biographies that merit attention, the most attractive of the lot being Romola Nijinsky's life of her husband, called simply *Nijinsky* (Simon and Schuster, $3.75), a remarkable book in every respect, and one that most people will find very moving.

When Madame Nijinsky first fell in love with the great star of the Russian Ballet, a dancing genius, whose body was the inheritance of generations of dancers, and whose mind worked in terms of the dance, he and Serge Diagheleff, the impresario of the Ballet, were enjoying a stable homosexual relationship. Nijinsky lived completely aloof from reality and thought only of his dancing, which, of course, had set the world afire.

How the woman won Nijinsky and had a child by him, whom he adored, and how Diagheleff used every means in his power to smash Nijinsky, makes up the plot of the story. The end, of course, was madness; Nijinsky lost his mind completely fourteen years ago,

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and is now in a sanitarium in Switzerland still a young man, but no longer interested in the art to which he brought such perfection.

This curious story, told against the background of the Ballet during its greatest period, has been handled with a sort of intuitive skill by Madame Nijinsky. It is not only extraordinarily well done, but very exciting; no more striking piece of melodrama could be invented than the simple truth about the final appearance of Nijinsky, when he danced his fantastic "Marriage With God" under unforgettable circumstances.

A Happy Socialist

An excellent autobiography which is at the same time a priceless history of American socialism for forty years is Morris Hillquit's *Loose Leaves from a Busy Life* (Macmillan, $2.50), the life story of the New York leader who died two years ago. Mr. Hillquit arose from the workshops of the lower East Side, where he began as an immigrant boy of seventeen, to a commanding position at the New York Bar, and to the respect and admiration of his political enemies.

He has a story to tell, and tells it modestly and charmingly. In addition, as already mentioned, he has told the inside story of socialism in this country, and has sketched from first-hand observation all the outstanding personalities, from Eugene V. Debs on down. A man who gave his life to a cause in which he never lost faith even momentarily, Mr. Hillquit said not long before he died that socialism had been everything to him, and it is easy to see from his book what it meant to him, as it means to every man, to have something to believe in and to work for.

Other Good Biographies

Other recent biographies of importance include Lyman Beecher Stowe's *Saints, Sinners and Beechers* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75), a delightful study of an American family which included Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher and a number of other quite as entertaining members; Henry Baerlein's *Belmonte the Matador* (Smith and Haas, $3.50), a fine and understanding life of Spain's greatest *torero* of this generation, who is an unusual man both in the arena and out of it; Liddell Hart's *Colonel Lawrence: The Man Behind the Legend* (Dodd, Mead, $3.50), a definitive biography of Lawrence of Arabia, with a full account of his Arabian campaign, written by a British military authority who is also one of the best living biographers; and Hesketh Pearson's life of Sydney Smith, *The Smith of Smiths* (Harper, $3), a book that is made appealing beyond words because Mr. Pearson has filled it with quotations from the witty parson.

It is a pity to have to pass these books by without more extended comment, for they are every one good, and the Landscaper would have a very hard time picking his favorite from the lot. Would it be Belmonte, for love of Spain, or Sydney Smith, for love of honesty, courage and wit? Or Lawrence, because the man is a genius?

Then, too, there is a rare autobiography of especial appeal to older Americans, Dr. Helen MacKnight's *A Child Went Forth* (Gotham House, $3.00), with an introduction by Mary Austin, the story of the long life of a woman whose memory goes back to the days of the last spinning wheels, and who knew what homesteading in South

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Dakota was like, a full, rich chronicle of useful and enjoyable life that deserves more space than can be allotted to it.

The Worst Racket

To return to world questions, the most striking exposure of a part of our general madness that has taken place in a long time lies in the field of armament-making and selling. An article in *Fortune* not long ago seems to have set off the bomb; at any rate there are two long books and one short one available, and what they show up is enough to make angels weep and devils split their sides.

Merchants of Death by H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen (Dodd, Mead, $3.50) is a book club choice and will be the most widely read of the books; it is adorned with handsome photographs of the latest instruments of death, and it exposes the interlacing armament trust completely and satisfactorily.

George Seldes's *Iron, Blood and Profits* (Harper, $2.50) is another book on the same subject, also well done, and shocking beyond measure, and there is also a small volume originally published last year, and just now reissued, Otto Lehmann-Russbüld's *War for Profits* (King, $1.50), translated from the German by Pierre Loving and giving many of the essential facts.

Miscellaneous books the Landscaper has enjoyed include two fine bits of Americana, George D. Lyman's *The Saga of the Comstock Lode* (Scribner, $3.50), a stirring chronicle of one of the most colorful episodes in our history; and Alvin F. Harlow's *Old Waybills: The Romance of the Express Companies* (Appleton-Century, $5), a book of 500 pages, well illustrated, that completes Mr. Harlow's trilogy on transportation, the other two covering canals and the mails.

And there is also Dr. Wilfred Grenfell's *The Romance of Labrador* (Macmillan, $4.00), which Dr. Grenfell calls a pageant, and which is one of those books that will prove irresistibly fascinating to any one who likes to find out not only what far-away places look like, but what life and the people are like. All this and much more is in this volume, history, geography, geology, bird-life. . . .

A Bedside Book

Also one of the best bedside books the Landscaper has seen for years, *Designed for Reading* (Macmillan, $3), an anthology of six hundred closely printed pages of selections from the first ten years of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, including essays, poems, humorous articles and reviews. The quality is high, and there is just enough of each for a quick read before dropping off to sleep.

Ideal for guest-rooms, if the guests are at all literary; it ought to do for a whole summer of week-ends.

William Ellery Leonard's English version of the Babylonian epic, *Gilgamesh* (Viking, $2.50), a free-verse rendering of a four-thousand-year-old story, is very much worth reading, both as poetry and for the sake of its content. People were worrying about the eternal mystery of death in those days, and about most of the other things that make our lives anxious and attractive.

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott Fisher

There are few places in America you can go to join in celebrating a fourth centenary, or even a third, for that matter, yet the Province of Quebec invites us all to share in two such outstanding events this summer. Just four hundred years ago witty Francis I sent Jacques Cartier to the new world to annoy Spain and to seek that golden route to the East, fabulous passage to Cathay, that so vexed the world at the time. In sponsoring the voyage which followed close on the heels of Columbus's successful ventures, he announced to the world that "God has not created those lands solely for Castilians!" Cartier landed at Gaspé and claimed the land in the name of the King of France, afterward ascending the St. Lawrence as far as the present site of Montreal. Thus Gaspé is one of the French Canadian towns doing the honors this summer, and Trois Rivières, where Champlain established his frontier trading post in 1634, is the other. Both towns carry a shining cape of romance slung nonchalantly over the shoulders of their every-day appearances.

When Trois Rivières Was Young

From Trois Rivières Jean Nicolet, the first western explorer after Champlain, set out to discover the northern part of Lake Michigan, Green Bay and Fox River, though he had so confidently expected to find China that he carried with his odd equipment a flowered damask robe to wear when he greeted the Chinese Emperor. From this same trading post, though a century later, the five La Verendryes trailed across the continent to the Saskatchewan, the Black Hills and the Mandan Indian towns, establishing a chain of trading posts in northwest Canada. Trois Rivières was for a time, too, the scene of the gay and colorful annual market that attracted Indian and trader—the place they came to trade beads and knives and mirrors for the glossy pelts of beaver, fox and otter. In the rude huts that were set up for the occasion the voices of the French fishermen speaking Norman French, Breton and Basque held their own with the gutterals of the primitive Algonkins, and above the thrum of tom-toms and the pounding of moccasined feet could be heard the gay lilt of *chansons* from the inconsequent lips of voyagers.

Shadowy Indians knew every inch of the forests which covered the land where you and I drive today over a network of smooth motor roads throughout the Province of Quebec. They knew both shores of the St. Lawrence where it flows for nearly a thousand miles through the Province. In the Laurentians directly north of Montreal where you find the fishing and hunting so ideal, the Algonkin once stalked his deer and baited his lines. This, the St. Agathe district, is a great centre for golf, tennis and unforgettable horseback rides in summer, and vies with Switzerland and Norway for world supremacy in the world of winter sport.

In the Laurentians

In a motor trip through the valley of the St. Lawrence you may stick to the main route if you wish, but the rivers that meander down their own valleys to join the great river offer alluring digressions, for highways now wind through a number of these valleys opening new holiday lands to the motorist. For instance, Hull, across the river from Ottawa is the open door for the Hull-Pontiac-Gatineau district in the west of the Province, where this typically Laurentian country wins your admiration with its quiet lakes, wild cascading streams and great reaches of forest. All this majesty is brought close by the friendly human element found in the kindly habitants who live in the countryside, and by the knowledge that when you have come to the end of your day's drive you will have no difficulty in finding enjoyable accommodations for the night's lodging.

Turning from the main highway at Trois

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Rivières, another new Laurentian touring region opens up for you in the St. Maurice River Valley. Splendid hunting and fishing here. And back in the mountains you come upon the Shawinigan Falls, dashing with wild abandon over their cliff only to be harnessed by man's ingenuity to supply electric power to Montreal and to the huge modern pulp and paper mills in the valley.

North of the city of Quebec, or *Ke-bec* as the Indians called it (meaning "where waters meet"), the Lake St. John district, by way of contrast, unfolds the panorama of a vast modern colonization project where immense industrial plants turn out unbelievable quantities of pulp, paper and aluminum. If you enjoy a bit of romantic fiction about the country you are motoring through, remember to pick up a copy of *Maria Chapdelaine,* by Louis Hémon, to read after you have explored the country about Lake St. John.

Another road makes its way down from Lake St. John through the valley of the deep dark Saguenay River where at night the northern lights often play fitfully across the sky, and as the Cree Indian imagined in his ancient lore, "the souls of dead braves dance tonight." Murray Bay, Pointe-au-Pic, and Cap-a-l'Aigle are delightful summer havens on the St. Lawrence through which you may motor, swinging later across to the south shore of the St. Lawrence to complete your Province of Quebec motor tour with that matchless stretch of road that circles the picturesque peninsula of Gaspé. Which brings us back to Cartier's landing at Gaspé four centuries ago, and the fact that this year you may attend its unique celebration.

New Brunswick's Fine Hunting

Continue down from Gaspé to New Brunswick, largest of the Maritime Provinces, and you find yourself in country of a different character. Forests—whispering, vast, primeval—are all about you, brushing the horizon with green. Campbellton is probably your first stop, Bathurst your next. As you look about, you realize that you are in a huntsman's land. Outfitting sportsmen seems the town's main concern, and wherever you turn you catch wisps of staccato conversation from rangy eager-eyed men indicating how they are going to get their moose this season. And hunters say that you are likely to bring down better moose here than anywhere outside Alaska, for nowhere in America are they so plentiful.

But the man with the gun finds other hunters in his woods. Nature lovers and students of wild life who do their "shooting" with a movie camera, have just as sporting a time, for often it is much more skilful a job to achieve a bull moose on your strip of film than to hit him with a bullet. The thrill of excitement is quite as keen, and the result much easier to carry away. Game is rigidly protected in the preserves during the closed season.

If you enjoy having your way with a canoe, the northern interior of New Brunswick with its intricate lacings of little rivers and silver lakes is a perfect maze of mirror-like lanes, twisting and turning inconsequentially. You can not help wondering what Robert Louis Stevenson would have written about these merry-go-round rivers if he had paddled his adventurous way through their labyrinth. And there is not a fisherman alive but who hopes one day to fling his line out over the waters of the Restigouche or the Miramichi and haul in the finest Atlantic silver salmon that ever battled for his life. These game fish show intelligence, perseverance and strength, and if you need a lively fish story, New Brunswick's famous Restigouche River is the place to land one.

Romantic Houses Edge the Saint John

New Brunswick, though it holds so strong an appeal for those who seek the solitude of the woods, has nevertheless its decidedly individual historic aspect. While you may be paddling along the reaches of one of its rivers, particularly the Saint John, you come unexpectedly face to face with fascinating old houses, rising up before you on some vantage point along the edge of the river. Such a house is the Belmont homestead, broad, hospitable, put up more than a century ago by the Honorable John Murray Bliss. Smooth yellow pine, handwrought nails, broad shingles, and floors still level, speak volumes to the admirer of the exact workmanship of colonial days.

Lonewater is another of the gracious old homes, located in the midst of a Loyalist estate about ten miles from Saint John on the Nerepis, a small tributary of the Saint John River. Its predecessor was Alwington Manor, built for a daring Loyalist with a reward of ten thousand

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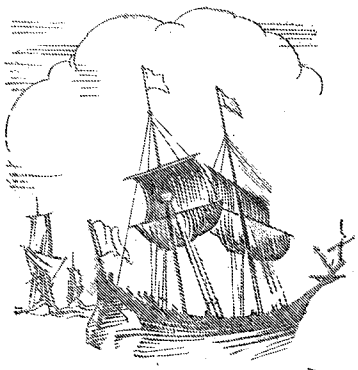

GOOD ROADS—
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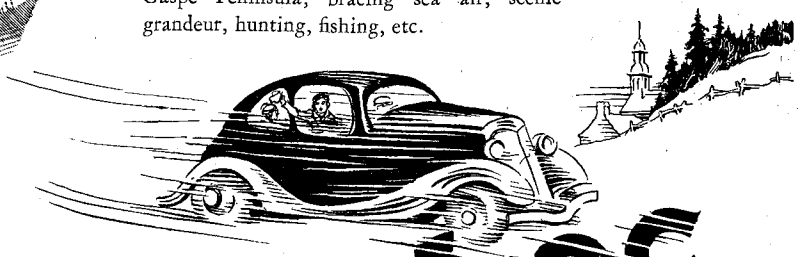

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dollars on his head when Cornwallis surrendered—General John Coffin. His career began at the battle of Bunker Hill, shifted to South Carolina where he married a Charleston beauty, and finally landed him, still in his twenties, in New Brunswick where he had finally escaped, not without the aid of his wife's hoop skirts, however, behind which, with all his daring, he had not scrupled to hide. At Alwington they lived, with their black servants for many years, entertaining royally on their six thousand acres. But of all this romance, nothing remains save an old stone doorstep, sunk deep in the grass. Perhaps it is something of this home-loving atmosphere that lingers about these old houses that draws many people today to New Brunswick to establish homes of their own, if only for the summer, for many Americans are seeking and finding summer homes throughout the Province.

A Bit of Britain

Every one enjoys Saint John. It is so thoroughly British, so substantial. If you want some memorable golf, a pleasant motor run takes you to St. Andrews-by-the-Sea. If you are in the market for a bit of excitement go out and watch Saint John's famous Reversing Falls, where the waters of the Saint John River are juggled back and forth through their jagged gorge with strange indecision. This is caused by the powerful tide, and unknown anywhere else in the world save on the Victoria-Nyanza in South Africa, where the waters behave in much the same contrary manner.

Fredericton is quiet, dignified, as a provincial capital should be. It has a cathedral, and bright-ringing bells to waken you on Sunday mornings. Its houses love to admire themselves in the river, and are brushed by the friendly branches of elms, while on the river once swung at anchor little boats that had been built for the river trade by Benedict Arnold. He lived for a number of years in Saint John where he built a store and went into business. But no one seemed to like him, and on one occasion they made an effigy of him labelled "Traitor" and burned it. He lived in Saint John at the corner of King and Canterbury Streets, but the house was torn down half a century ago.

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New Brunswick is quickly and easily reached by train, motor and steamer. Excellent motor roads enter the Province at many points along the Maine and Quebec borders, and an extensive system of roads carries you to all parts of the Province except those that are still forest. Through trains run from Boston and make New Brunswick overnight, while only a few extra hours are added for the trip from New York. Steamers, modern and comfortable, land you in Saint John, a natural starting point from which to make your acquaintance with this neighborly Province. So whichever mode of travel you fancy, and each has its advantages, you have a wide choice when you decide to come to New Brunswick.

Why South Africa?

Why do people go to South Africa? To begin with many Americans go on business, though frequently enough the next trip is made for the pleasure of renewing old acquaintances, and seeing all the interesting places that had to be left for another visit. Often the liners carry passengers who are so integrally a part of South African soil that the mere sight of Table Mountain clothed with its cloud above the bay brings a sudden mist to their eyes.

Again you will find those going to South Africa who have singled it out as a land of matchless and abundant interest. It simply radiates adventure. This type of people—and they are becoming constantly more numerous on the South African passenger lists—have been poring over maps and itineraries for months in preparation for a pure pleasure jaunt. Nothing is to be left undone. The great sights are all scheduled: Zimbabwe's ruins which have defied all attempts of archeologists thus far to fathom their secret; Kruger National Park, the five-million acre game preserve; Kimberley and Pretoria with their vast diamond mines; the great Rand gold mines at Johannesburg; the weirdly beautiful Cango Caves whose full extent in the Swartberg Mountains has never been explored; and Victoria Falls that David Livingstone was the first white man to see over three-quarters of a century ago. Take these for a skeleton of your itinerary—a giant skeleton—and you won't have any difficulty filling in the details. If you need a counselor expert in making arrangements, the South African Government Railways stand by ready to offer assistance from their wealth of experience in the country.

We Follow The Voortrekkers

The pageant of South Africa is not primarily one of people, though the variety of races—English, Dutch, Malay, and hosts of native tribes—lend plenty of color; rather is it an almost spectacular display of changing types of country. The Veld, stretching its dusty flatness interminably along the horizon, is associated always somehow with the Boer and the dauntless Voortrekkers. You can imagine them easily on their great migration for freedom with their guns, Bibles, and dauntless determination—vanishing in clouds of dust from the long lines of covered wagons drawn by soft-eyed oxen. Here and there you find relics of their trek—the old Voortrekker Church at Pietermaritzburg (erected in gratitude for victory over thousands of Zulus), or perhaps an old buck wagon which accomplished fifteen miles a day when drawn by its sixteen ox-span. You might even meet an old transport rider who would show you how to swing a *sjambok*—a long whip of rhinocerous hide. There is always latitude for adventure in South Africa.

When the Karoo Blossoms

No true South African can feel quite the same interest in you until you have absorbed at least some of the wonderment of the Little Karoo and that semi-desert, the Great Karoo, with their 100,000 square miles of what generally wears the aspect of starved plains above which sometimes shimmer fantastic mirages. "Oh, but just wait until you have seen the Karoo blossom," they tell you, and you wait obediently until the longed-for rains transform its somberness with overnight magic into a blaze of color. The little flower with the long name that literally dazzles the Karoo with its fresh beauty is called the mesembryanthemum, and is only one of a host of South African perennials that grace that part of the flower-decked world exclusively. Another marvel in its way is the Karoo bush, for when the sun has scorched it beyond all recognition, it retains somehow its aromatic moisture after every other bit of vegetation has perished, and nourishes providentially the great herds of sheep that sweep the Karoo. Flowering trees diffuse their fragrance over many of South Africa's city streets, and you go

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to Pretoria during October and November to see the jacaranda in blossom with the same eager anticipation with which we watch for the magnolias to come to perfection in Charleston.

In the Drakensberg Mountains

On your way west from Ladysmith you will come face to face with the purple-pink peaks of the Drakensberg Mountains. Here once dwelt the curious race of African Bushmen that we can never learn enough about, hovering in their dark shadowy caves, almost more unreal than the legendary Troglodyte Giant who inhabited the Drakensberg Mountains. Protected by the towering peaks of these "Mountains of the Dragons," these primitive cave dwellers sharpened their poisoned arrows, hunted, fought and feasted. Part of the Drakensberg Mountain section has been set aside as a National Park, and if you have the hardihood to climb sufficiently high, you will achieve the Mont-aux-Sources, where the Tugela and the Orange Rivers rise on the very apex of the Drakensberg range. Towering walls of the Tugela Gorge almost shut out the sky, and in this haunt of baboons and giant eagles are Bushman caves, decorated with their startling drawings and reminding you of a people who, save for a few tribal remnants, have passed into the limbo of vanished peoples.

You can not consider that you have a clear picture of South Africa unless you know what it is to swim and dally in the sunshine of her glorious beaches, and when you scan the sea from Cape Town's great marine drive, Victoria Road, which hugs the cliffs for ninety miles around the Cape Peninsula, you count yourself rich in having one more gem to add to your treasured recollections of a South African visit.

New Tours in Old Russia

The Soviet Union, by keeping so successfully to herself during the past decade or so, has made us all everlastingly curious. How on earth have they been able to get along without us? What can they have been doing with themselves? You will never know the answer satisfactorily until you go and see. And that, in a manner of speaking, is exactly what the travel world is doing this season. Every time you pick up a magazine or newspaper you see some intriguing place in the old Muscovite Empire staring you in the face with startling allure—and you read on to

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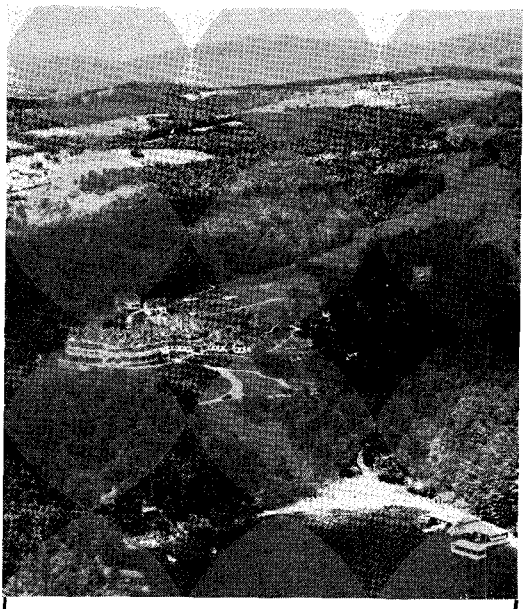
find just how easily you can go there. After all, what is there to prevent your sailing through the Bosphorus, past Istanbul into the Black Sea, straight to Odessa and the Crimea? Nothing, now that cruises are being intelligently planned. And you can do the Mediterranean on the way to the Black Sea Riviera if you like. Even travel rates in the U. S. S. R. conspire to aid you, for in spite of the drop in the dollar, the Soviet Union has arbitrarily maintained its 1933 travel rates —there has been no increase whatever. Seasoned travelers also notice with interest that American Express Travelers cheques may be taken in and out of Russia by the original holder without restriction—which after all gives a very secure sense as regards the matter of finances

An Open Door to the Ukraine

If you go to this surprising land of the Soviets by way of the southern route (and I merely mention this way, not because entrance through the northern lands of Europe is not equally desirable, but because one must begin somewhere), Odessa is likely to be your port of entrance—Odessa with its gleaming white stone stairway which sweeps you up from the quay to the most beautiful city on the Black Sea. Interest in the opera will take you many times in the evenings to the Odessa Opera House, one of the most completely equipped in Europe—for where else can you enjoy the novelty of opera sung in the Ukrainian tongue?

Odessa, with Kiev and Kharkov, forms a triangle of cities in the Ukraine that are decidedly individual, yet equally interesting. Kharkov is the administrative centre of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic and wears the industrial aspect the world has been led to expect in an up-to-date Soviet city. It tells more definitely than reams of writing what the Soviets have been accomplishing in the way of construction. Here ultra modern communal buildings are at their best with workers' clubs, community kitchens, apartments and social institutions of many kinds. A panorama of startling new buildings spreads out before you, the Palace of State Industry, largest office building in Europe, topping them all in importance. This modern magnifico among buildings properly belongs in the capital of the Ukraine, through which passes much of the commerce of the Union. Grain from the Caucasus, fruit from the Crimea, textiles from the mills of Ivanovo-Voznesensk, cotton from



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Turkestan come pouring through its markets. Swamped beneath all this modernity the ancient Tartar city has almost entirely disappeared.

On the other hand, Kiev at the Western point of the triangle, preserves its ancient appearance with dignity. Once the capital of old Russia, it goes its dignified way unruffled by the throb of modernism pulsing through the land. Sofia Square dreams away its mellow days as placidly as though it were still basking in the Seventeenth Century. On the walls of the Sofia Cathedral are frescoes of great hunts and games, and conjectures lead to the conclusion that at one time, perhaps in the Eleventh Century, a royal palace adjoined this building and these frescoes bordered a stairway.

If you would gain some perspective on the life of other days in Kiev, you will go to the Kievo-Pecher Lavra, or monastery, and after looking over the museum of Ukrainian national culture which is housed in its cloister, penetrate the depths beneath and follow a guide through devious paths in catacombs which branch out in many directions, even beneath the silent-flowing Dnieper. These catacombs, where lie the mummified remains of forgotten saints, were formerly strictly forbidden to outsiders.

To vary your trip through the Ukraine and see it more intimately, board one of the side-wheelers at Kiev. These steamers ply the Dnieper with the same pleasant leisureliness as the old Mississippi River packets, and since the monster dam at Dnieproges was built, you may float on its surface quite safe from the jagged rocks of the old Dnieper Rapids which were once the despair of those who dared them.

Dynamic Dnieproges

Dnieproges is one of the Soviet prodigy cities —a lusty five-year-old that accommodates the workers of this vast industrial centre in the most approved modern manner. It is a "combinate" or interrelated group of factories and metallurgical works, centring about the eight-hundred-thousand-horse-power electric station that has appeared like some vision on what was once a barren waste.

The U. S. S. R. has planned intelligently for travelers, and among them has not forgotten the mountain climber. Mount Elbrus in the Caucasus, half a mile higher than Mount Blanc, now has a rest house close under its summit, hurdily built and ready to accommodate twenty

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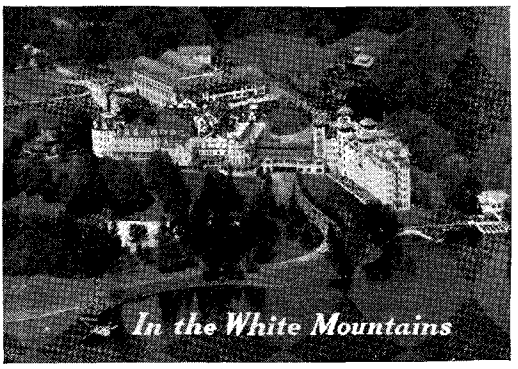

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persons. So if you feel in the mood to conquer something that takes plenty of breath and skill, list Elbrus in the Caucasus. And while you are about it, you might pay a visit to the fabulous Keveurs who live in their mountain fastnesses about a hundred miles from Tiflis, but hundreds of years away in their curious customs. Russia is full of such surprises—a place for the traveler who is not adverse to adventure.

Low Travel Rates Abroad

With the frank object of encouraging travel abroad this summer and raising the purchasing power of the dollar, transportation rates in Germany, Norway and Sweden will be substantially reduced for visitors. Germany reduces her railroad fares sixty per cent (between May 1 and October 31) to all foreigners and to Germans living in America, whose stay extends at least over seven days, and if you wish to purchase registered mark traveler's cheques, these will also be available at a twenty-five per cent discount from the market price.

Norway will grant a fifty per cent reduction to all foreigners traveling in Norway between August 20 and September 20, provided they travel a minimum of 250 miles and remain at least six days in a Norwegian resort other than those in the immediate vicinity of Oslo and Bergen. Travel costs in Sweden have been reduced twenty to forty per cent from the 1930 level, and hotels and restaurants show a similar decrease.

A New World's Fair at Chicago

So great was the momentum of the Chicago World's Fair that, when it closed last fall, it was only, as it were, to catch its breath. It opens again bright and colorful as ever on Chicago's lake front, "A New World's Fair," from May 26 until October 31.

Many people who were not able to visit this great American spectacle last summer will wish to include it in their travel plans this year and one of the pleasantest and most economical ways to make the most of your time is to single out one of the many all-expense tours so expertly arranged by the American Express Company. These are particularly practical for special groups and excursion parties because this service eliminates all annoying details and leaves the coast clear for pure enjoyment.

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